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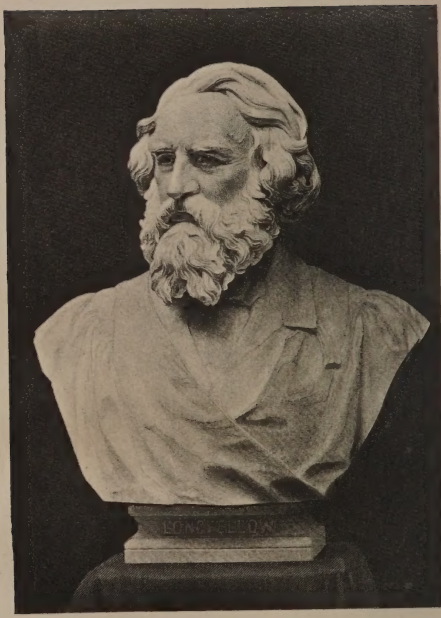
LONGFELLOW

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Handy Volume Edition

V

Longfellow's Home in Cambridge

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

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Note. The frontispiece to this volume is a representation of the bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

MICHAEL ANGELO: A FRAGMENT

DEDICATION

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In ôther forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.
Men build their houses from the masonry
Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.
So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust
Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,
I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust
Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,
Which to this end I fashion as I must.
Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

PART FIRST

I

PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA

The Castle Terrace. VITTORIA COLONNA *and* JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

WILL you then leave me, Julia, and so soon,
To pace alone this terrace like a ghost?

JULIA.

To-morrow, dearest.

VITTORIA.

Do not say to-morrow.
A whole month of to-morrows were too soon.
You must not go. You are a part of me.

JULIA.

I must return to Fondi.

VITTORIA.

The old castle
Needs not your presence. No one waits for you.
Stay one day longer with me. They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they

Who stay behind that suffer. I was thinking
But yesterday how like and how unlike
Have been, and are, our destinies. Your husband,
The good Vespasian, an old man, who seemed
A father to you rather than a husband,
Died in your arms; but mine, in all the flower
And promise of his youth, was taken from me
As by a rushing wind. The breath of battle
Breathed on him, and I saw his face no more,
Save as in dreams it haunts me. As our love
Was for these men, so is our sorrow for them.
Yours a child's sorrow, smiling through its tears;
But mine the grief of an impassioned woman,
Who drank her life up in one draught of love.

JULIA.

Behold this locket. This is the white hair
Of my Vespasian. This the flower-of-love,
This amaranth, and beneath it the device,
Non moritura. Thus my heart remains

True to his memory ; and the ancient castle,
Where we have lived together, where he
died,
Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

VITTORIA.

I did not mean to chide you.

JULIA.

Let your heart
Find, if it can, some poor apology
For one who is too young, and feels too
keenly
The joy of life, to give up all her days
To sorrow for the dead. While I am true
To the remembrance of the man I loved
And mourn for still, I do not make a show
Of all the grief I feel, nor live secluded
And, like Veronica da Gámbara,
Drape my whole house in mourning, and
drive forth
In coach of sable drawn by sable horses,
As if I were a corpse. Ah, one to-day
Is worth for me a thousand yesterdays.

VITTORIA.

Dear Julia ! Friendship has its jealousies
As well as love. Who waits for you at
Fondi ?

JULIA.

A friend of mine and yours ; a friend and
friar.

You have at Naples your Fra Bernardino;
And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano,
The famous artist, who has come from Rome
To paint my portrait. That is not a sin.

VITTORIA.

Only a vanity.

JULIA.

He painted yours.

VITTORIA.

Do not call up to me those days departed,
When I was young, and all was bright about me,
And the vicissitudes of life were things
But to be read of in old histories,
Though as pertaining unto me or mine
Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed your dreams,
And now, grown older, I look back and see
They were illusions.

JULIA.

Yet without illusions
What would our lives become, what we ourselves?
Dreams or illusions, call them what you will,
They lift us from the commonplace of life
To better things.

VITTORIA.

Are there no brighter dreams,
No higher aspirations, than the wish
To please and to be pleased?

JULIA.

For you there are:
I am no saint; I feel the world we live in
Comes before that which is to be hereafter,
And must be dealt with first.

VITTORIA.

But in what way?

JULIA.

Let the soft wind that wafts to us the odor
Of orange blossoms, let the laughing sea
And the bright sunshine bathing all the world,
Answer the question.

VITTORIA.

And for whom is meant
This portrait that you speak of?

JULIA.

For my friend
The Cardinal Ippolito.

VITTORIA.

For him?

JULIA.

Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.
'T is always flattering to a woman's pride
To be admired by one whom all admire.

VITTORIA.

Ah, Julia, she that makes herself a dove
Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your guard.
He is a Cardinal; and his adoration
Should be elsewhere directed.

JULIA.

You forget
The horror of that night, when Barbarossa,
The Moorish corsair, landed on our coast
To seize me for the Sultan Soliman;
How in the dead of night, when all were sleeping,
He scaled the castle wall; how I escaped,
And in my night-dress, mounting a swift steed,
Fled to the mountains, and took refuge there
Among the brigands. Then of all my friends
The Cardinal Ippolito was first
To come with his retainers to my rescue.
Could I refuse the only boon he asked
At such a time, my portrait?

VITTORIA.

I have heard
Strange stories of the splendors of his palace,
And how, apparelled like a Spanish Prince,
He rides through Rome with a long retinue

Of Ethiopians and Numidians
And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic dresses,
Making a gallant show. Is this the way
A Cardinal should live ?

JULIA.

He is so young ;
Hardly of age, or little more than that ;
Beautiful, generous, fond of arts and letters,
A poet, a musician, and a scholar ;
Master of many languages, and a player
On many instruments. In Rome, his palace
Is the asylum of all men distinguished
In art or science, and all Florentines
Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin,
Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA.

I have seen his portrait,
Painted by Titian. You have painted it
In brighter colors.

JULIA.

And my Cardinal,
At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,
Keeps a tame lion !

VITTORIA.

And so counterfeits
St. Mark, the Evangelist !

JULIA.

Ah, your tame lion
Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA.

You speak a name
That always thrills me with a noble sound,
As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art,
Till art and life are one; a man who holds
Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, his name
Is ever on their lips.

JULIA.

You too can paint
The portrait of your hero, and in colors
Brighter than Titian's; I might warn you also
Against the dangers that beset your path;
But I forbear.

VITTORIA.

If I were made of marble,
Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,

He might admire me : being but flesh and
blood,
I am no more to him than other women ;
That is, am nothing.

JULIA.

Does he ride through Rome
Upon his little mule, as he was wont,
With his slouched hat, and boots of Cor-
dovan,
As when I saw him last ?

VITTORIA.

Pray do not jest.
I cannot couple with his noble name
A trivial word ! Look, how the setting
sun
Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sorrento,
And changes Capri to a purple cloud !
And there Vesuvius with its plume of
smoke,
And the great city stretched upon the
shore
As in a dream !

JULIA.

Parthenope the Siren !

VITTORIA.

And yon long line of lights, those sunlit
windows
Blaze like the torches carried in procession
To do her honor ! It is beautiful !

JULIA.

I have no heart to feel the beauty of it!
My feet are weary, pacing up and down
These level flags, and wearier still my thoughts
Treading the broken pavement of the Past.
It is too sad. I will go in and rest,
And make me ready for to-morrow's journey.

VITTORIA.

I will go with you; for I would not lose
One hour of your dear presence. 'T is enough
Only to be in the same room with you.
I need not speak to you, nor hear you speak;
If I but see you, I am satisfied.

[*They go in.*

MONOLOGUE: THE LAST JUDGMENT

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio. He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals
Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?
Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling
Enough for them? They saw the Hebrew leader

Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard,
But heeded not. The bones of Julius
Shook in their sepulchre. I heard the sound;
They only heard the sound of their own voices.

Are there no other artists here in Rome
To do this work, that they must needs seek me?
Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it,
But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals,
Like leaden weights upon a dead man's eyes,
Press down his lids; and so the burden falls
On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect
And Painter of the Apostolic Palace.
That is the title they cajole me with,
To make me do their work and leave my own;
But having once begun, I turn not back.
Blow, ye bright angels, on your golden trumpets
To the four corners of the earth, and wake
The dead to judgment! Ye recording angels,
Open your books and read! Ye dead, awake!

Rise from your graves, drowsy and drugged
with death,
As men who suddenly aroused from sleep
Look round amazed, and know not where
they are!

In happy hours, when the imagination
Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the
soul
Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen
To the prophetic voices in the air
That call us onward. Then the work we do
Is a delight, and the obedient hand
Never grows weary. But how different
is it
In the disconsolate, discouraged hours,
When all the wisdom of the world appears
As trivial as the gossip of a nurse
In a sick-room, and all our work seems
useless.

What is it guides my hand, what thoughts
possess me,
That I have drawn her face among the
angels,
Where she will be hereafter? O sweet
dreams,
That through the vacant chambers of my
heart
Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms

Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me?
'T is said that Emperors write their names in green
When under age, but when of age in purple.
So Love, the greatest Emperor of them all,
Writes his in green at first, but afterwards
In the imperial purple of our blood.
First love or last love, — which of these two passions
Is more omnipotent? Which is more fair,
The star of morning, or the evening star?
The sunrise or the sunset of the heart?
The hour when we look forth to the unknown,
And the advancing day consumes the shadows,
Or that when all the landscape of our lives
Lies stretched behind us, and familiar places
Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories
Rise like a tender haze, and magnify
The objects we behold, that soon must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose countenance
Is like Laocoön's, full of pain? whose forehead
Is a ploughed harvest-field, where threescore years
Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in anguish?
To me, the artisan, to whom all women
Have been as if they were not, or at most
A sudden rush of pigeons in the air,
A flutter of wings, a sound, and then a silence?
I am too old for love; I am too old
To flatter and delude myself with visions
Of never-ending friendship with fair women,
Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,
In which the things that cannot be take shape,
And seem to be, and for the moment are.

Convent bells ring.

Distant and near and low and loud the bells,
Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan,
Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers,
Discordant as the brotherhoods themselves
In their dim cloisters. The descending sun
Seems to caress the city that he loves,
And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.
I will go forth and breathe the air awhile.

II

SAN SILVESTRO

A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on Monte Cavallo.

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLOMMEI, *and others.*

VITTORIA.

Here let us rest awhile, until the crowd
Has left the church. I have already sent
For Michael Angelo to join us here.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

After Fra Bernardino's wise discourse
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly
Some words of Michael Angelo on Art
Were not amiss, to bring us back to earth.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *at the door.*

How like a Saint or Goddess she appears!
Diana or Madonna, which I know not,
In attitude and aspect formed to be
At once the artist's worship and despair!

VITTORIA.

Welcome, Maestro. We were waiting for you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I met your messenger upon the way,
And hastened hither.

VITTORIA.

It is kind of you
To come to us, who linger here like gossips
Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.
These are all friends of mine and friends of yours.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If friends of yours, then are they friends of mine.
Pardon me, gentlemen. But when I entered
I saw but the Marchesa.

VITTORIA.

Take this seat
Between me and Ser Claudio Tolommei,
Who still maintains that our Italian tongue
Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence
We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA.

Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza
And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

'T is the abuse of them, and not the use,
I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The use or the abuse,
It matters not. Let them all go together,
As empty phrases and frivolities,
And common as gold-lace upon the collar
Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA.

That may be,
But something of politeness would go with
them;
We should lose something of the stately
manners
Of the old school.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA.

But that
Is not what occupies my thoughts at
present,
Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele.
It was to counsel me. His Holiness
Has granted me permission, long desired,
To build a convent in this neighborhood,
Where the old tower is standing, from
whose top
Nero looked down upon the burning city.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is an inspiration!

VITTORIA.

I am doubtful
How I shall build ; how large to make the convent,
And which way fronting.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, to build, to build !
That is the noblest art of all the arts.
Painting and sculpture are but images,
Are merely shadows cast by outward things
On stone or canvas, having in themselves
No separate existence. Architecture,
Existing in itself, and not in seeming
A something it is not, surpasses them
As substance shadow. Long, long years ago,
Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus,
I saw the statue of Laocoön
Rise from its grave of centuries, like a ghost
Writhing in pain ; and as it tore away
The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,
Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony
From its white, parted lips. And still I marvel
At the three Rhodian artists, by whose hands

This miracle was wrought. Yet he beholds
Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins
Of temples in the Forum here in Rome.
If God should give me power in my old age
To build for Him a temple half as grand
As those were in their glory, I should count
My age more excellent than youth itself,
And all that I have hitherto accomplished
As only vanity.

VITTORIA.

I understand you.
Art is the gift of God, and must be used
Unto His glory. That in art is highest
Which aims at this. When St. Hilarion blessed
The horses of Italicus, they won
The race at Gaza, for his benediction
O'erpowered all magic; and the people shouted
That Christ had conquered Marnas. So that art
Which bears the consecration and the seal
Of holiness upon it will prevail
Over all others. Those few words of yours
Inspire me with new confidence to build.
What think you? The old walls might serve, perhaps,
Some purpose still. The tower can hold the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If strong enough.

VITTORIA.

If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see no bar nor drawback to this building,
And on our homeward way, if it shall please you,
We may together view the site.

VITTORIA.

I thank you.
I did not venture to request so much.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let us now go to the old walls you spake of,
Vossignoria —

VITTORIA.

What, again, Maestro?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if once more
I use the ancient courtesies of speech.
I am too old to change.

III

CARDINAL IPPOLITO

SCENE I. — *A richly furnished apartment in the Palace of* CARDINAL IPPOLITO. *Night.*

JACOPO NARDI, *an old man, alone.*

NARDI.

I am bewildered. These Numidian slaves,
In strange attire ; these endless antechambers ;
This lighted hall, with all its golden splendors,
Pictures, and statues ! Can this be the dwelling
Of a disciple of that lowly Man
Who had not where to lay his head ? These statues
Are not of Saints ; nor is this a Madonna,
This lovely face, that with such tender eyes
Looks down upon me from the painted canvas.
My heart begins to fail me. What can he
Who lives in boundless luxury at Rome
Care for the imperilled liberties of Florence,
Her people, her Republic ? Ah, the rich
Feel not the pangs of banishment. All doors

Are open to them, and all hands extended.
The poor alone are outcasts ; they who risked
All they possessed for liberty, and lost ;
And wander through the world without a friend,
Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared for.

SCENE II. — JACOPO NARDI ; CARDINAL IPPOLITO, *in Spanish cloak and slouched hat.*

IPPOLITO.

I pray you pardon me if I have kept you
Waiting so long alone.

NARDI.

I wait to see
The Cardinal.

IPPOLITO.

I am the Cardinal ;
And you ?

NARDI.

Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO.

You are welcome.
I was expecting you. Philippo Strozzi
Had told me of your coming.

NARDI.

'T was his son
That brought me to your door.

IPPOLITO.

Pray you, be seated.
You seem astonished at the garb I wear,
But at my time of life, and with my habits,
The petticoats of a Cardinal would be —
Troublesome; I could neither ride nor walk,
Nor do a thousand things, if I were dressed
Like an old dowager. It were putting wine
Young as the young Astyanax into goblets
As old as Priam.

NARDI.

Oh, your Eminence
Knows best what you should wear.

IPPOLITO.

Dear Messer Nardi,
You are no stranger to me. I have read
Your excellent translation of the books
Of Titus Livius, the historian
Of Rome, and model of all historians
That shall come after him. It does you honor;
But greater honor still the love you bear
To Florence, our dear country, and whose annals
I hope your hand will write, in happier days
Than we now see.

NARDI.

Your Eminence will pardon
The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO.

The hours I count not
As a sun-dial; but am like a clock,
That tells the time as well by night as day.
So, no excuse. I know what brings you here.
You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI.

And her woes.

IPPOLITO.

The duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro,
Whose mother was a Moorish slave, that fed
The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm, still lives
And reigns.

NARDI.

Alas, that such a scourge
Should fall on such a city!

IPPOLITO.

When he dies,
The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo,
The beast obscene, should be the monument
Of this bad man.

NARDI.

He walks the streets at night
With revellers, insulting honest men.

No house is sacred from his lusts. The convents
Are turned by him to brothels, and the honor
Of woman and all ancient pious customs
Are quite forgotten now. The offices
Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri
Have been abolished. All the magistrates
Are now his creatures. Liberty is dead.
The very memory of all honest living
Is wiped away, and even our Tuscan tongue
Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

IPPOLITO.

And, worst of all, his impious hand has broken
The Martinella, — our great battle bell,
That, sounding through three centuries, has led
The Florentines to victory, — lest its voice
Should waken in their soul some memory
Of far-off times of glory.

NARDI.

What a change
Ten little years have made! We all remember
Those better days, when Niccolà Capponi,
The Gonfaloniere, from the windows
Of the Old Palace, with the blast of trumpets,
Proclaimed to the inhabitants that Christ

Was chosen King of Florence ; and already
Christ is dethroned, and slain ; and in his
stead
Reigns Lucifer ! Alas, alas, for Florence !

IPPOLITO.

Lilies with lilies, said Savonarola ;
Florence and France ! But I say Florence
only,
Or only with the Emperor's hand to help us
In sweeping out the rubbish.

NARDI.

Little hope
Of help is there from him. He has be-
trothed
His daughter Margaret to this shameless
Duke.
What hope have we from such an Em-
peror ?

IPPOLITO.

Baccio Valori and Philippo Strozzi,
Once the Duke's friends and intimates, are
with us,
And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.
We shall soon see, then, as Valori says,
Whether the Duke can best spare honest
men,
Or honest men the Duke.

NARDI.

We have determined

To send ambassadors to Spain, and lay
Our griefs before the Emperor, though I fear
More than I hope.

IPPOLITO.

The Emperor is busy
With this new war against the Algerines,
And has no time to listen to complaints
From our ambassadors; nor will I trust them,
But go myself. All is in readiness
For my departure, and to-morrow morning
I shall go down to Itri, where I meet
Dante da Castiglione and some others,
Republicans and fugitives from Florence,
And then take ship at Gaëta, and go
To join the Emperor in his new crusade
Against the Turk. I shall have time enough
And opportunity to plead our cause.

NARDI, *rising.*

It is an inspiration, and I hail it
As of good omen. May the power that sends it
Bless our beloved country, and restore
Its banished citizens. The soul of Florence
Is now outside its gates. What lies within
Is but a corpse, corrupted and corrupting.

Heaven help us all. I will not tarry longer,
For you have need of rest. Good-night.

IPPOLITO.

Good-night!

SCENE III. — CARDINAL IPPOLITO; FRA SEBASTIANO; *Turkish attendants.*

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastiano, how your portly presence
Contrasts with that of the spare Florentine
Who has just left me!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

As we passed each other,
I saw that he was weeping.

IPPOLITO.

Poor old man!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Who is he?

IPPOLITO.

Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul;
One of the Fuorusciti, and the best
And noblest of them all; but he has made me
Sad with his sadness. As I look on you
My heart grows lighter. I behold a man
Who lives in an ideal world, apart
From all the rude collisions of our life,
In a calm atmosphere.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Your Eminence
Is surely jesting. If you knew the life
Of artists as I know it, you might think
Far otherwise.

IPPOLITO.

But wherefore should I jest?
The world of art is an ideal world, —
The world I love, and that I fain would
live in;
So speak to me of artists and of art,
Of all the painters, sculptors, and musicians
That now illustrate Rome.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Of the musicians,
I know but Goudimel, the brave maestro
And chapel-master of his Holiness,
Who trains the Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

In church, this morning,
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,
Divinely chanted. In the Incarnatus,
In lieu of Latin words, the tenor sang
With infinite tenderness, in plain Italian,
A Neapolitan love-song.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You amaze me.
Was it a wanton song?

IPPOLITO.

Not a divine one.
I am not over-scrupulous, as you know,
In word or deed, yet such a song as that,
Sung by the tenor of the Papal choir,
And in a Papal mass, seemed out of place ;
There 's something wrong in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There 's something wrong
In everything. We cannot make the world
Go right. 'T is not my business to reform
The Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

Nor mine, thank Heaven !
Then tell me of the artists.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Naming one
I name them all ; for there is only one :
His name is Messer Michael Angelo.
All art and artists of the present day
Centre in him.

IPPOLITO.

You count yourself as nothing ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Or less than nothing, since I am at best
Only a portrait-painter ; one who draws
With greater or less skill, as best he may,
The features of a face.

IPPOLITO.

And you have had
The honor, nay, the glory, of portraying
Julia Gonzaga ! Do you count as nothing
A privilege like that ? See there the portrait
Rebuking you with its divine expression.
Are you not penitent ? He whose skilful hand
Painted that lovely picture has not right
To vilipend the art of portrait-painting.
But what of Michael Angelo ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But lately
Strolling together down the crowded Corso,
We stopped, well pleased, to see your Eminence
Pass on an Arab steed, a noble creature,
Which Michael Angelo, who is a lover
Of all things beautiful, and especially
When they are Arab horses, much admired,
And could not praise enough.

IPPOLITO, *to an attendant.*

Hassan, to-morrow,
When I am gone, but not till I am gone, —
Be careful about that, — take Barbarossa
To Messer Michael Angelo the sculptor,
Who lives there at Macello dei Corvi,
Near to the Capitol ; and take besides
Some ten mule-loads of provender, and say

Your master sends them to him as a present.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A princely gift. Though Michael Angelo
Refuses presents from his Holiness,
Yours he will not refuse.

IPPOLITO.

You think him like
Thymœtes, who received the wooden horse
Into the walls of Troy. That book of Virgil
Have I translated in Italian verse,
And shall, some day, when we have leisure for it,
Be pleased to read you. When I speak of Troy
I am reminded of another town
And of a lovelier Helen, our dear Countess
Julia Gonzaga. You remember, surely,
The adventure with the corsair Barbarossa,
And all that followed?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A most strange adventure;
A tale as marvellous and full of wonder
As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti;
Almost incredible!

IPPOLITO.

Were I a painter

I should not want a better theme than that:
The lovely lady fleeing through the night
In wild disorder; and the brigands' camp
With the red fire-light on their swarthy faces.
Could you not paint it for me?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

No, not I.
It is not in my line.

IPPOLITO.

Then you shall paint
The portrait of the corsair, when we bring him
A prisoner chained to Naples; for I feel
Something like admiration for a man
Who dared this strange adventure.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will do it.
But catch the corsair first.

IPPOLITO.

You may begin
To-morrow with the sword. Hassan, come hither;
Bring me the Turkish scimitar that hangs
Beneath the picture yonder. Now unsheathe it.
'T is a Damascus blade; you see the inscription
In Arabic: *La Allah! illa Allah!* —
There is no God but God.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

How beautiful
In fashion and in finish! It is perfect.
The Arsenal of Venice cannot boast
A finer sword.

IPPOLITO.

You like it? It is yours.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You do not mean it.

IPPOLITO.

I am not a Spaniard,
To say that it is yours and not to mean it.
I have at Itri a whole armory
Full of such weapons. When you paint the portrait
Of Barbarossa, it will be of use.
You have not been rewarded as you should be
For painting the Gonzaga. Throw this bauble
Into the scale, and make the balance equal.
Till then suspend it in your studio;
You artists like such trifles.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will keep it
In memory of the donor. Many thanks.

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of Rome,
The old dead city, with the old dead people;

Priests everywhere, like shadows on a wall,
And morning, noon, and night the ceaseless sound
Of convent bells. I must be gone from here;
Though Ovid somewhere says that Rome is worthy
To be the dwelling-place of all the Gods,
I must be gone from here. To-morrow morning
I start for Itri, and go thence by sea
To join the Emperor, who is making war
Upon the Algerines; perhaps to sink
Some Turkish galleys, and bring back in chains
The famous corsair. Thus would I avenge
The beautiful Gonzaga.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

An achievement
Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Orlando.
Berni and Ariosto both shall add
A canto to their poems, and describe you
As Furioso and Innamorato.
Now I must say good-night.

IPPOLITO.

You must not go;
First you shall sup with me. My seneschal,
Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolcro, —
I like to give the whole sonorous name,

It sounds so like a verse of the Æneid,—
Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake
of Fondi,
And Lucrine oysters cradled in their
shells;
These, with red Fondi wine, the Cæcuban
That Horace speaks of, under a hundred
keys
Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus
Shall stain the pavement with it, make a
feast
Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even;
So we will go to supper, and be merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Beware! Remember that Bolsena's eels
And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of
Rome!

IPPOLITO.

'T was a French Pope; and then so long
ago;
Who knows? — perhaps the story is not
true.

IV

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES

Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. *Night.*
JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

JULIA.

Do not go yet.

VALDESSO.

The night is far advanced;
I fear to stay too late, and weary you
With these discussions.

JULIA.

I have much to say.
I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frankness
Which is the greatest privilege of friendship, —
Speak as I hardly would to my confessor,
Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO.

Dear Countess,
If loyalty to friendship be a claim
Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

JULIA.

Then sit again, and listen unto things
That nearer are to me than life itself.

VALDESSO.

In all things I am happy to obey you,
And happiest then when you command me most.

JULIA.

Laying aside all useless rhetoric,
That is superfluous between us two,
I come at once unto the point, and say,

You know my outward life, my rank and
fortune ;
Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto,
A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand
In marriage princes ask, and ask it only
To be rejected. All the world can offer
Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it
It is not in the way of idle boasting,
But only to the better understanding
Of what comes after.

VALDESSO.

God hath given you also
Beauty and intellect ; and the signal grace
To lead a spotless life amid temptations
That others yield to.

JULIA.

But the inward life, —
That you know not ; 't is known but to my-
self,
And is to me a mystery and a pain :
A soul disquieted and ill at ease,
A mind perplexed with doubts and appre-
hensions,
A heart dissatisfied with all around me,
And with myself, so that sometimes I weep,
Discouraged and disgusted with the world.

VALDESSO.

Whene'er we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep

Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The head swims with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

JULIA.

I comprehend you.
You think I am too worldly; that my head
Swims with the giddying whirl of life about me.
Is that your meaning?

VALDESSO.

Yes; your meditations
Are more of this world and its vanities
Than of the world to come.

JULIA.

Between the two
I am confused.

VALDESSO.

Yet have I seen you listen
Enraptured when Fra Bernardino preached
Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA.

I listen,
But only as to music without meaning.

It moves me for the moment, and I think
How beautiful it is to be a saint,
As dear Vittoria is ; but I am weak
And wayward, and I soon fall back again
To my old ways, so very easily.
There are too many week-days for one
Sunday.

VALDESSO.

Then take the Sunday with you through
the week,
And sweeten with it all the other days.

JULIA.

In part I do so ; for to put a stop
To idle tongues, what men might say of me
If I lived all alone here in my palace,
And not from a vocation that I feel
For the monastic life, I now am living
With Sister Caterina at the convent
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here only
On certain days, for my affairs, or visits
Of ceremony, or to be with friends.
For I confess, to live among my friends
Is Paradise to me ; my Purgatory
Is living among people I dislike.
And so I pass my life in these two worlds,
This palace and the convent.

VALDESSO.

It was then
The fear of man, and not the love of God,

That led you to this step. Why will you not
Renounce the world, and give your heart to God,[1]

JULIA.

If God so commands it,
Wherefore hath He not made me capable
Of doing for Him what I wish to do
As easily as I could offer Him
This jewel from my hand, this gown I wear,
Or aught else that is mine?

VALDESSO.

The hindrance lies
In that original sin, by which all fell.

JULIA.

Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled mind
To wish well to that Adam, our first parent,
Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,
And brought such ills upon us.

VALDESSO.

We ourselves,
When we commit a sin, lose Paradise,
As much as he did. Let us think of this,
And how we may regain it.

[1] For some unexplained reason, the sentence has been left incomplete; apparently the omission was not more than a half line.

JULIA.

Teach me, then,
To harmonize the discord of my life,
And stop the painful jangle of these wires.

VALDESSO.

That is a task impossible, until
You tune your heart-strings to a higher key
Than earthly melodies.

JULIA.

How shall I do it?
Point out to me the way of this perfection,
And I will follow you; for you have made
My soul enamored with it, and I cannot
Rest satisfied until I find it out.
But lead me privately, so that the world
Hear not my steps; I would not give occasion
For talk among the people.

VALDESSO.

Now at last
I understand you fully. Then, what need
Is there for us to beat about the bush?
I know what you desire of me.

JULIA.

What rudeness!
If you already know it, why not tell me?

VALDESSO.

Because I rather wait for you to ask it
With your own lips.

JULIA.

Do me the kindness, then,
To speak without reserve ; and with all
frankness,
If you divine the truth, will I confess it.

VALDESSO.

I am content.

JULIA.

Then speak.

VALDESSO.

You would be free
From the vexatious thoughts that come and
go
Through your imagination, and would have
me
Point out some royal road and lady-like
Which you may walk in, and not wound
your feet.
You would attain to the divine perfection,
And yet not turn your back upon the
world ;
You would possess humility within,
But not reveal it in your outward actions ;
You would have patience, but without the
rude
Occasions that require its exercise ;
You would despise the world, but in such
fashion
The world should not despise you in return ;
Would clothe the soul with all the Chris-
tian graces,

Yet not despoil the body of its gauds ;
Would feed the soul with spiritual food,
Yet not deprive the body of its feasts ;
Would seem angelic in the sight of God,
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men ;
In short, would lead a holy Christian life
In such a way that even your nearest friend
Would not detect therein one circumstance
To show a change from what it was before.
Have I divined your secret ?

JULIA.

You have drawn
The portrait of my inner self as truly
As the most skilful painter ever painted
A human face.

VALDESSO.

This warrants me in saying
You think you can win heaven by compromise,
And not by verdict.

JULIA.

You have often told me
That a bad compromise was better even
Than a good verdict.

VALDESSO.

Yes, in suits at law ;
Not in religion. With the human soul
There is no compromise. By faith alone
Can man be justified.

JULIA.

Hush, dear Valdesso;
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you,
Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve it
As something precious, hidden in your heart,
As I, who half believe and tremble at it.

VALDESSO.

I must proclaim the truth.

JULIA.

Enthusiast!
Why must you? You imperil both yourself
And friends by your imprudence. Pray, be patient.
You have occasion now to show that virtue
Which you lay stress upon. Let us return
To our lost pathway. Show me by what steps
I shall walk in it.

[*Convent bells are heard.*

VALDESSO.

Hark! the convent bells
Are ringing; it is midnight; I must leave you.
And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Countess,
Since you to-night have made me your confessor,

If I so far may venture, I will warn you
Upon one point.

JULIA.

What is it? Speak, I pray you,
For I have no concealments in my conduct;
All is as open as the light of day.
What is it you would warn me of?

VALDESSO.

Your friendship
With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA.

What is there
To cause suspicion or alarm in that,
More than in friendships that I entertain
With you and others? I ne'er sat with him
Alone at night, as I am sitting now
With you, Valdesso.

VALDESSO.

Pardon me; the portrait
That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.
Is that quite prudent?

JULIA.

That is the same question
Vittoria put to me, when I last saw her.
I make you the same answer. That was not
A pledge of love, but of pure gratitude.
Recall the adventure of that dreadful night

When Barbarossa with two thousand Moors
Landed upon the coast, and in the darkness
Attacked my castle. Then, without delay,
The Cardinal came hurrying down from Rome
To rescue and protect me. Was it wrong
That in an hour like that I did not weigh
Too nicely this or that, but granted him
A boon that pleased him, and that flattered me?

VALDESSO.

Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship,
Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa,
Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm
But strategy. And now I take my leave.

JULIA.

Farewell; but ere you go, look forth and see
How night hath hushed the clamor and the stir
Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless moon
Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver;
The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps,
And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts
His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is!

[*Voices in the street.*

GIOVAN ANDREA.

Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Poisoned? Who is poisoned?

GIOVAN ANDREA.

The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.
Call it malaria. It was very sudden.

[*Julia swoons.*

V

VITTORIA COLONNA

A room in the Torre Argentina.

VITTORIA COLONNA *and* JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

Come to my arms and to my heart once more;
My soul goes out to meet you and embrace you,
For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow.
I know what you have suffered.

JULIA.

Name it not.
Let me forget it.

VITTORIA.

I will say no more.
Let me look at you. What a joy it is
To see your face, to hear your voice again!
You bring with you a breath as of the morn,

A memory of the far-off happy days
When we were young. When did you
come from Fondi?

JULIA.

I have not been at Fondi since —

VITTORIA.

Ah me!
You need not speak the word; I under-
stand you.

JULIA.

I came from Naples by the lovely valley,
The Terra di Lavoro.

VITTORIA.

And you find me
But just returned from a long journey
northward.
I have been staying with that noble woman,
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

JULIA.

Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard
Flaminio speak her praises with such
warmth
That I am eager to hear more of her
And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA.

You shall hear all.
But first sit down and listen patiently
While I confess myself.

JULIA.

What deadly sin
Have you committed?

VITTORIA.

Not a sin; a folly.
I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me
That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

JULIA.

Well I remember it.

VITTORIA.

Then chide me now,
For I confess to something still more strange.
Old as I am, I have at last consented
To the entreaties and the supplications
Of Michael Angelo —

JULIA.

To marry him?

VITTORIA.

I pray you, do not jest with me! You know,
Or you should know, that never such a thought
Entered my breast. I am already married.
The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,
And death has not divorced us.

JULIA.

Pardon me.
Have I offended you?

VITTORIA.

No, but have hurt me.
Unto my buried lord I give myself,
Unto my friend the shadow of myself,
My portrait. It is not from vanity,
But for the love I bear him.

JULIA.

I rejoice
To hear these words. Oh, this will be a portrait
Worthy of both of you! [*A knock.*

VITTORIA.

Hark! he is coming.

JULIA.

And shall I go or stay?

VITTORIA.

By all means, stay.
The drawing will be better for your presence;
You will enliven me.

JULIA.

I shall not speak;
The presence of great men doth take from me
All power of speech. I only gaze at them

In silent wonder, as if they were gods,
Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA.

Come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I fear my visit is ill-timed;
I interrupt you.

VITTORIA.

No; this is a friend
Of yours as well as mine, — the Lady Julia,
The Duchess of Trajetto.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* JULIA.

I salute you.
'T is long since I have seen your face, my lady;
Pardon me if I say that having seen it,
One never can forget it.

JULIA.

You are kind
To keep me in your memory.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is
The privilege of age to speak with frankness.
You will not be offended when I say
That never was your beauty more divine.

JULIA.

When Michael Angelo condescends to flatter
Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.

VITTORIA.

Now this is gallantry enough for one ;
Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my gracious lady,
You know I have not words to speak your praise.
I think of you in silence. You conceal
Your manifold perfections from all eyes,
And make yourself more saint-like day by day,
And day by day men worship you the more.
But now your hour of martyrdom has come.
You know why I am here.

VITTORIA.

Ah yes, I know it ;
And meet my fate with fortitude. You find me
Surrounded by the labors of your hands :
The Woman of Samaria at the Well,
The Mater Dolorosa, and the Christ
Upon the Cross, beneath which you have written
Those memorable words of Alighieri,
" Men have forgotten how much blood it costs."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I come to add one labor more,
If you will call that labor which is pleasure,
And only pleasure.

VITTORIA.

How shall I be seated ?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *opening his portfolio.*

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.

VITTORIA.

I am ashamed to steal the time from you
That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.
How does that work go on ?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *drawing.*

But tardily.
Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike
Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,
And not to be remembered as old men
Tottering about in their decrepitude.

VITTORIA.

My dear Maestro ! have you, then, forgotten
The story of Sophocles in his old age ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What story is it ?

VITTORIA.

When his sons accused him,
Before the Areopagus, of dotage,
For all defence, he read there to his Judges
The Tragedy of Œdipus Coloneus, —
The work of his old age.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an illusion,
A fabulous story, that will lead old men
Into a thousand follies and conceits.

VITTORIA.

So you may show to cavillers your painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now you and Lady Julia shall resume
The conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA.

It was of no great import ; nothing more
Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara,
And what I saw there in the ducal palace.
Will it not interrupt you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not the least.

VITTORIA.

Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole : a man
Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,

And yet magnificent in all his ways ;
Not hospitable unto new ideas,
But from state policy, and certain reasons
Concerning the investiture of the duchy,
A partisan of Rome, and consequently
Intolerant of all the new opinions.

JULIA.

I should not like the Duke. These silent men,
Who only look and listen, are like wells
That have no water in them, deep and empty.
How could the daughter of a king of France
Wed such a duke ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The men that women marry,
And why they marry them, will always be
A marvel and a mystery to the world.

VITTORIA.

And then the Duchess, — how shall I describe her,
Or tell the merits of that happy nature
Which pleases most when least it thinks of pleasing ?
Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and feature,
Yet with an inward beauty, that shines through
Each look and attitude and word and gesture ;

A kindly grace of manner and behavior,
A something in her presence and her ways
That makes her beautiful beyond the reach
Of mere external beauty ; and in heart
So noble and devoted to the truth,
And so in sympathy with all who strive
After the higher life.

JULIA.

She draws me to her
As much as her Duke Ercole repels me.

VITTORIA.

Then the devout and honorable women
That grace her court, and make it good to be there ;
Francesca Bucyronia, the true-hearted,
Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini,
The Magdalena and the Cherubina,
And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so sweetly ;
All lovely women, full of noble thoughts
And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA.

Boccaccio would have envied you such dames.

VITTORIA.

No ; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas
Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni ;
I fear he hardly would have comprehended
The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yet he wrote
The story of Griseldis. That is something
To set down in his favor.

VITTORIA.

With these ladies
Was a young girl, Olympia Morata,
Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar,
Famous in all the universities :
A marvellous child, who at the spinning-wheel,
And in the daily round of household cares,
Hath learned both Greek and Latin ; and is now
A favorite of the Duchess and companion
Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young Sappho
Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes
That she had written, with a voice whose sadness
Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and made me look
Into the future time, and ask myself
What destiny will be hers.

JULIA.

A sad one, surely.
Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of season ;
And these precocious intellects portend
A life of sorrow or an early death.

VITTORIA.

About the court were many learned men ;
Chilian Sinapius from beyond the Alps,
And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,
The Duke's physician ; and a pale young man,
Charles d'Espeville of Geneva, whom the Duchess
Doth much delight to talk with and to read,
For he hath written a book of Institutes
The Duchess greatly praises, though some call it
The Koran of the heretics.

JULIA.

And what poets
Were there to sing you madrigals, and praise
Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's tresses ?

VITTORIA.

None ; for great Ariosto is no more.
The voice that filled those halls with melody
Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA.

You should have made
A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb,
And laid a wreath upon it, for the words
He spake of you.

VITTORIA.

And of yourself no less,
And of our master, Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of me?

VITTORIA.

Have you forgotten that he calls you
Michael, less man than angel, and divine?
You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A mere play on words.
That adjective he wanted for a rhyme,
To match with Gian Bellino and Urbino.

VITTORIA.

Bernardo Tasso is no longer there,
Nor the gay troubadour of Gascony,
Clement Marot, surnamed by flatterers
The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes,
Who, being looked upon with much disfavor
By the Duke Ercole, has fled to Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There let him stay with Pietro Aretino,
The Scourge of Princes, also called Divine.
The title is so common in our mouths,
That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,
Who play their bag-pipes in the streets of Rome

At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,
And will deserve it better than some poets.

VITTORIA.

What bee hath stung you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

One that makes no honey;
One that comes buzzing in through every window,
And stabs men with his sting. A bitter thought
Passed through my mind, but it is gone again;
I spake too hastily.

JULIA.

I pray you, show me
What you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not yet; it is not finished.

PART SECOND

I

MONOLOGUE

A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S *house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Fled to Viterbo, the old Papal city
Where once an Emperor, humbled in his pride,

Held the Pope's stirrup, as his Holiness
Alighted from his mule! A fugitive
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who hurls
His thunders at the house of the Colonna,
With endless bitterness! — Among the nuns
In Santa Caterina's convent hidden,
Herself in soul a nun! And now she chides me
For my too frequent letters, that disturb
Her meditations, and that hinder me
And keep me from my work; now graciously
She thanks me for the crucifix I sent her,
And says that she will keep it: with one hand
Inflicts a wound, and with the other heals it.
[*Reading.*
"Profoundly I believed that God would grant you
A supernatural faith to paint this Christ;
I wished for that which now I see fulfilled
So marvellously, exceeding all my wishes.
Nor more could be desired, or even so much.
And greatly I rejoice that you have made
The angel on the right so beautiful;
For the Archangel Michael will place you,
You, Michael Angelo, on that new day,
Upon the Lord's right hand! And waiting that,
How can I better serve you than to pray

To this sweet Christ for you, and to beseech
you
To hold me altogether yours in all things."

Well, I will write less often, or no more,
But wait her coming. No one born in
Rome
Can live elsewhere ; but he must pine for
Rome,
And must return to it. I, who am born
And bred a Tuscan and a Florentine,
Feel the attraction, and I linger here
As if I were a pebble in the pavement
Trodden by priestly feet. This I endure,
Because I breathe in Rome an atmosphere
Heavy with odors of the laurel leaves
That crowned great heroes of the sword
and pen,
In ages past. I feel myself exalted
To walk the streets in which a Virgil
walked,
Or Trajan rode in triumph ; but far more,
And most of all, because the great Colonna
Breathes the same air I breathe, and is to
me
An inspiration. Now that she is gone,
Rome is no longer Rome till she return.
This feeling overmasters me. I know not
If it be love, this strong desire to be
Forever in her presence ; but I know
That I, who was the friend of solitude,

And ever was best pleased when most alone,
Now weary grow of my own company.
For the first time old age seems lonely to me.

[*Opening the Divina Commedia.*

I turn for consolation to the leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue,
Whose words, like colored garnet-shirls in lava,
Betray the heat in which they were engendered.
A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread
Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts
With immortality. In courts of princes
He was a by-word, and in streets of towns
Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew prophet,
Himself a prophet. I too know the cry,
Go up, thou bald head! from a generation
That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food
The soul can feed on. There 's not room enough
For age and youth upon this little planet.
Age must give way. There was not room enough
Even for this great poet. In his song
I hear reverberate the gates of Florence,
Closing upon him, never more to open;
But mingled with the sound are melodies
Celestial from the gates of paradise.

He came and he is gone. The people
knew not
What manner of man was passing by their
doors,
Until he passed no more ; but in his vision
He saw the torments and beatitudes
Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath
left
Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on the margin
The face of Beatrice. It is not hers,
But the Colonna's. Each hath his ideal,
The image of some woman excellent,
That is his guide. No Grecian art, nor
Roman,
Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers.

II

VITERBO

VITTORIA COLONNA *at the convent window.*

VITTORIA.

Parting with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their
faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory.
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say

That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us
As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,
Through the barred windows speak to those within. [*A pause.*
As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,
As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,
As quiet as a heart that beats no more,
This convent seems. Above, below, all peace!
Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,
Are with me here, and the tumultuous world
Makes no more noise than the remotest planet. [*A pause.*
O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,
Who, living in the faith and dying for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh
For thee as being dead, but for myself
That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,
Once so benignant to me, upon mine,
That open to their tears such uncontrolled
And such continual issue. Still awhile
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.

A few more goings in and out these doors,
A few more chimings of these convent bells,
A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,
And the long agony of this life will end,
And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting
To thy well-being, as thou art to mine,
Have patience; I will come to thee at last.
Ye winds that loiter in these cloister gardens,
Or wander far above the city walls,
Bear unto him this message, that I ever
Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,
And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,
And melts into the air. Ah, would that I
Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,
A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!

III

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO CELLINI

SCENE I. — MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI *in gay attire.*

BENVENUTO.

A good day and good year to the divine
Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculptor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Welcome, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

That is what
My father said, the first time he beheld
This handsome face. But say farewell, not welcome.
I come to take my leave. I start for Florence
As fast as horse can carry me. I long
To set once more upon its level flags
These feet, made sore by your vile Roman pavements.
Come with me; you are wanted there in Florence.
The Sacristy is not finished.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Speak not of it!
How damp and cold it was! How my bones ached
And my head reeled, when I was working there!
I am too old. I will stay here in Rome,
Where all is old and crumbling, like myself,
To hopeless ruin. All roads lead to Rome.

BENVENUTO.

And all lead out of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There is a charm,
A certain something in the atmosphere,
That all men feel, and no man can describe.

BENVENUTO.

Malaria?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes, malaria of the mind,
Out of this tomb of the majestic Past;
The fever to accomplish some great work
That will not let us sleep. I must go on
Until I die.

BENVENUTO.

Do you ne'er think of Florence?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes; whenever
I think of anything beside my work,
I think of Florence. I remember, too,
The bitter days I passed among the quarries
Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta;
Road-building in the marshes; stupid people,
And cold and rain incessant, and mad gusts
Of mountain wind, like howling Dervishes,
That spun and whirled the eddying snow about them
As if it were a garment; aye, vexations
And troubles of all kinds, that ended only
In loss of time and money.

BENVENUTO.

True, Maestro;
But that was not in Florence. You should leave

Such work to others. Sweeter memories
Cluster about you, in the pleasant city
Upon the Arno.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

In my waking dreams
I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi,
Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and Giotto's tower;
And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides
With folded hands amid my troubled thoughts,
A splendid vision! Time rides with the old
At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds
See the near landscape fly and flow behind them,
While the remoter fields and dim horizons
Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them,
So in old age things near us slip away,
And distant things go with us. Pleasantly
Come back to me the days when, as a youth,
I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens
Of Medici, and saw the antique statues,
The forms august of gods and godlike men,
And the great world of art revealed itself
To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done
Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little
Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!

BENVENUTO.

Nay, let the Night and Morning, let Lorenzo
And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence,
Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel,
And the Last Judgment answer. Is it finished?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The work is nearly done. But this Last Judgment
Has been the cause of more vexation to me
Than it will be of honor. Ser Biagio,
Master of ceremonies at the Papal court,
A man punctilious and over nice,
Calls it improper; says that those nude forms,
Showing their nakedness in such shameless fashion,
Are better suited to a common bagnio,
Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal Chapel.
To punish him I painted him as Minos,
And leave him there as master of ceremonies
In the Infernal Regions. What would you
Have done to such a man?

BENVENUTO.

I would have killed him.
When any one insults me, if I can
I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh, you gentlemen,
Who dress in silks and velvets, and wear swords,
Are ready with your weapons, and have all
A taste for homicide.

BENVENUTO.

I learned that lesson
Under Pope Clement at the siegé of Rome,
Some twenty years ago. As I was standing
Upon the ramparts of the Campo Santo
With Alessandro Bene, I beheld
A sea of fog, that covered all the plain,
And hid from us the foe ; when suddenly,
A misty figure, like an apparition,
Rose up above the fog, as if on horseback.
At this I aimed my arquebus, and fired.
The figure vanished ; and there rose a cry
Out of the darkness, long and fierce and loud,
With imprecations in all languages.
It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon,
That I had slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome should be grateful to you.

BENVENUTO.

But has not been ; you shall hear presently.
During the siege I served as bombardier,

There in St. Angelo. His Holiness
One day was walking with his Cardinals
On the round bastion, while I stood above
Among my falconets. All thought and feeling,
All skill in art and all desire of fame,
Were swallowed up in the delightful music
Of that artillery. I saw far off,
Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,
A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak ;
And firing at him with due aim and range,
I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces.
The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.
His Holiness, delighted beyond measure
With such display of gunnery, and amazed
To see the man in scarlet cut in two,
Gave me his benediction, and absolved me
From all the homicides I had committed
In service of the Apostolic Church,
Or should commit thereafter. From that day
I have not held in very high esteem
The life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And who absolved Pope Clement ?
Now let us speak of Art.

BENVENUTO.

Of what you will.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Say, have you seen our friend Fra Bastian lately,
Since by a turn of fortune he became
Friar of the Signet?

BENVENUTO.

Faith, a pretty artist
To pass his days in stamping leaden seals
On Papal bulls!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He has grown fat and lazy,
As if the lead clung to him like a sinker.
He paints no more since he was sent to Fondi
By Cardinal Ippolito to paint
The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should have seen him
As I did, riding through the city gate,
In his brown hood, attended by four horsemen,
Completely armed, to frighten the banditti.
I think he would have frightened them alone,
For he was rounder than the O of Giotto.

BENVENUTO.

He must have looked more like a sack of meal
Than a great painter.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, he is not great,
But still I like him greatly. Benvenuto,
Have faith in nothing but in industry.
Be at it late and early ; persevere,
And work right on through censure and applause,
Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO.

No man works harder
Than I do. I am not a moment idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And what have you to show me ?

BENVENUTO.

This gold ring,
Made for his Holiness, — my latest work,
And I am proud of it. A single diamond,
Presented by the Emperor to the Pope.
Targhetta of Venice set and tinted it ;
I have reset it, and retinted it
Divinely, as you see. The jewellers
Say I 've surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let me see it.
A pretty jewel.

BENVENUTO.

That is not the expression.
Pretty is not a very pretty word

To be applied to such a precious stone,
Given by an Emperor to a Pope, and set
By Benvenuto!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Messer Benvenuto,
I lose all patience with you; for the gifts
That God hath given you are of such a kind,
They should be put to far more noble uses
Than setting diamonds for the Pope of Rome.
You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO.

The God who made me
Knows why he made me what I am, — a goldsmith,
A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh no; an artist,
Richly endowed by nature, but who wraps
His talent in a napkin, and consumes
His life in vanities.

BENVENUTO.

Michael Angelo
May say what Benvenuto would not bear
From any other man. He speaks the truth.
I know my life is wasted and consumed
In vanities; but I have better hours
And higher aspirations than you think.

Once, when a prisoner at St. Angelo,
Fasting and praying in the midnight darkness,
In a celestial vision I beheld
A crucifix in the sun, of the same substance
As is the sun itself. And since that hour
There is a splendor round about my head,
That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset
Above my shadow on the grass. And now
I know that I am in the grace of God,
And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

None but one, —
None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.
He that respects himself is safe from others;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

BENVENUTO.

I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O incorrigible!
At least, forget not the celestial vision.
Man must have something higher than himself
To think of.

BENVENUTO.

That I know full well. Now listen.
I have been sent for into France, where grow
The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth,
And carry in mine equipage the model
Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar
For the king's table ; and here in my brain
A statue of Mars Armipotent for the fountain
Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful.
I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.
And so farewell, great Master. Think of me
As one who, in the midst of all his follies,
Had also his ambition, and aspired
To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not forget the vision.

SCENE II. — MICHAEL ANGELO *sitting down again to the Divina Commedia.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now in what circle of his poem sacred
Would the great Florentine have placed this man ?
Whether in Phlegethon, the river of blood,
Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,
I know not, but most surely not with those
Who walk in leaden cloaks. Though he is one

Whose passions, like a potent alkahest,
Dissolve his better nature, he is not
That despicable thing, a hypocrite ;
He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them.
Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

IV

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO

SCENE I. — MICHAEL ANGELO ; FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *not turning round.*

Who is it ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Wait, for I am out of breath
In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my Bastiano,
If you went up and down as many stairs
As I do still, and climbed as many ladders,
It would be better for you. Pray sit down.
Your idle and luxurious way of living
Will one day take your breath away entirely,
And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Well, what then ?
That would be better, in my apprehension,
Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That was nothing.
It did not kill me ; only lamed me slightly ;
I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why, dear Master,
Why do you live so high up in your house,
When you could live below and have a garden,
As I do ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

From this window I can look
On many gardens ; o'er the city roofs
See the Campagna and the Alban hills :
And all are mine.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Can you sit down in them,
On summer afternoons, and play the lute,
Or sing, or sleep the time away ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I never
Sleep in the day-time ; scarcely sleep at night ;
I have not time. Did you meet Benvenuto
As you came up the stair ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

He ran against me
On the first landing, going at full speed ;

Dressed like the Spanish captain in a play,
With his long rapier and his short red cloak.
Why hurry through the world at such a pace?
Life will not be too long.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is his nature, —
A restless spirit, that consumes itself
With useless agitations. He o'erleaps
The goal he aims at. Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens. You are made
Of quite another clay.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And thank God for it.
And now, being somewhat rested, I will tell you
Why I have climbed these formidable stairs.
I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here,
A very charming poet and companion,
Who greatly honors you and all your doings,
And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not I, indeed.
I know too well what artists' suppers are.
You must excuse me.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will not excuse you.
You need repose from your incessant work ;
Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

To me, what you and other men call pleasure
Is only pain. Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty ; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water, — nothing more.
I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life
Grow precious now, when only few remain.
I cannot go.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni, perhaps, will read
A canto of the Orlando Innamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That is another reason for not going.
If aught is tedious and intolerable,
It is a poet reading his own verses.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses
Than you of his. He says that you speak things,
And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If it were now the Improvisatore,
Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear
With Benvenuto, in the streets of Florence,
I might be tempted. I was younger then,
And singing in the open air was pleasant.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,
Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,
And secretary to the embassy:
A learned man, who speaks all languages,
And wittiest of men; who wrote a book
Of the Adventures of Gargantua,
So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter
At every page; a jovial boon-companion
And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then you will not want me, who am not witty,
And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine.
I should be like a dead man at your banquet.
Why should I seek this Frenchman, Rabelais?
And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,
When I have Dante Alighieri here,
The greatest of all poets?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And the dullest;
And only to be read in episodes.
His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Petrarca is for women and for lovers,
And for those soft Abati, who delight
To wander down long garden walks in summer,
Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,
As lap-dogs do their bells.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I love Petrarca.
How sweetly of his absent love he sings,
When journeying in the forest of Ardennes!
"I seem to hear her, hearing the boughs and breezes
And leaves and birds lamenting, and the waters
Murmuring flee along the verdant herbage."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Enough. It is all seeming, and no being.
If you would know how a man speaks in earnest,
Read here this passage, where St. Peter thunders
In Paradise against degenerate Popes

And the corruptions of the church, till all
The heaven about him blushes like a sunset.
I beg you to take note of what he says
About the Papal seals, for that concerns
Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO, *reading.*

Is this the passage ?
"Nor I be made the figure of a seal
To privileges venal and mendacious ;
Whereat I often redden and flash with fire ! "—
That is not poetry.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What is it, then ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Vituperation ; gall that might have spirted
From Aretino's pen.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Name not that man !
A profligate, whom your Francesco Berni
Describes as having one foot in the brothel
And the other in the hospital ; who lives
By flattering or maligning, as best serves
His purpose at the time. He writes to me
With easy arrogance of my Last Judgment,
In such familiar tone that one would say
The great event already had transpired,

And he was present, and from observation
Informed me how the picture should be painted.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

What unassuming, unobtrusive men
These critics are! Now, to have Aretino
Aiming his shafts at you brings back to mind
The Gascon archers in the square of Milan,
Shooting their arrows at Duke Sforza's statue,
By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble
Of envious Florentines, that at your David
Threw stones at night. But Aretino praised you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His praises were ironical. He knows
How to use words as weapons, and to wound
While seeming to defend. But look, Bastiano,
See how the setting sun lights up that picture!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It makes her look as she will look hereafter,
When she becomes a saint!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A noble woman!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, these old hands can fashion fairer shapes
In marble, and can paint diviner pictures,
Since I have known her.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And you like this picture;
And yet it is in oils, which you detest.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered
The use of oil in painting, he degraded
His art into a handicraft, and made it
Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn
Or wayside wine-shop. 'T is an art for women,
Or for such leisurely and idle people
As you are, Fra Bastiano. Nature paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds
And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And how soon they fade!
Behold yon line of roofs and belfries painted

Upon the golden background of the sky,
Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait
Of Cimabue. See how hard the outline,
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow.
Yet that is nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

She is always right.
The picture that approaches sculpture nearest
Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Leonardo thinks
The open air too bright. We ought to paint
As if the sun were shining through a mist.
'T is easier done in oil than in distemper.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not revive again the old dispute ;
I have an excellent memory for forgetting,
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not healed
By the unbending of the bow that made them.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But that is past. Now I am angry with you,

Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown fat
And indolent, you do not paint at all.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Why should I paint? Why should I toil and sweat,
Who now am rich enough to live at ease,
And take my pleasure?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When Pope Leo died,
He who had been so lavish of the wealth
His predecessors left him, who received
A basket of gold-pieces every morning,
Which every night was empty, left behind
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I care for banquets, not for funerals,
As did his Holiness. I have forbidden
All tapers at my burial, and procession
Of priests and friars and monks; and have provided
The cost thereof be given to the poor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have done wisely, but of that I speak not.
Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children;
But who to-day would know that he had lived,

If he had never made those gates of bronze
In the old Baptistery, — those gates of bronze,
Worthy to be the gates of Paradise.
His wealth is scattered to the winds; his children
Are long since dead; but those celestial gates
Survive, and keep his name and memory green.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why should I fatigue myself? I think
That all things it is possible to paint
Have been already painted; and if not,
Why, there are painters in the world at present
Who can accomplish more in two short months
Than I could in two years; so it is well
That some one is contented to do nothing,
And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O blasphemer!
Not without reason do the people call you
Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead
Of all the Papal bulls is heavy upon you,
And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Misericordia!
Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and sharp

The words you speak, because the heart within you
Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How changed you are
From the Sebastiano I once knew,
When poor, laborious, emulous to excel,
You strove in rivalry with Baldassare
And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Raphael is dead;
He is but dust and ashes in his grave,
While I am living and enjoying life,
And so am victor. One live Pope is worth
A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Raphael is not dead;
He doth but sleep; for how can he be dead
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?
He only drank the precious wine of youth,
The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage
Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men.
The gods have given him sleep. We never were
Nor could be foes, although our followers,

Who are distorted shadows of ourselves,
Have striven to make us so ; but each one worked
Unconsciously upon the other's thought,
Both giving and receiving. He perchance
Caught strength from me, and I some greater sweetness
And tenderness from his more gentle nature.
I have but words of praise and admiration
For his great genius ; and the world is fairer
That he lived in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

We at least are friends ;
So come with me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No, no ; I am best pleased
When I 'm not asked to banquets. I have reached
A time of life when daily walks are shortened,
And even the houses of our dearest friends,
That used to be so near, seem far away.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Then we must sup without you. We shall laugh
At those who toil for fame, and make their lives
A tedious martyrdom, that they may live

A little longer in the mouths of men!
And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

SCENE II. — MICHAEL ANGELO, *returning to his work.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How will men speak of me when I am gone,
When all this colorless, sad life is ended,
And I am dust? They will remember only
The wrinkled forehead, the marred countenance,
The rudeness of my speech, and my rough manners,
And never dream that underneath them all
There was a woman's heart of tenderness;
They will not know the secret of my life,
Locked up in silence, or but vaguely hinted
In uncouth rhymes, that may perchance survive
Some little space in memories of men!
Each one performs his life-work, and then leaves it;
Those that come after him will estimate
His influence on the age in which he lived.

V

PALAZZO BELVEDERE

TITIAN'S *studio. A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it.* TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO, *and* GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still lagoons,
Your City of Silence floating in the sea,
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn,
But I have come too late. I should have seen
Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open
To new impressions. Our Vasari here
Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly
Among the marvels of the past. I touch them,
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome
That one might walk barefooted here from Venice
But to see once, and then to die content.

TITIAN.

I must confess that these majestic ruins

Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as one
Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs,
And cannot read the inscriptions carved upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I felt so once ; but I have grown familiar
With desolation, and it has become
No more a pain to me, but a delight.

TITIAN.

I could not live here. I must have the sea,
And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven
Like cloth of gold ; must have beneath my windows
The laughter of the waves, and at my door
Their pattering footsteps, or I am not happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then tell me of your city in the sea,
Paved with red basalt of the Paduan hills.
Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names,
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto,
Illustrate your Venetian school, and send
A challenge to the world. The first is dead,
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire,
Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints
The cloudy vault of heaven.

GIORGIO.

Does he still keep
Above his door the arrogant inscription
That once was painted there, — "The color of Titian,
With the design of Michael Angelo"?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast,
And does no harm to any but himself.
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When you two
Are gone, who is there that remains behind
To seize the pencil falling from your fingers?

GIORGIO.

Oh, there are many hands upraised already
To clutch at such a prize, and hardly wait
For death to loose your grasp, — a hundred of them:
Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,
Moretto, and Moroni; who can count them
Or measure their ambition?

TITIAN.

When we are gone,
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins
Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.
They will possess the world that we think ours,
And fashion it far otherwise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I hear
Your son Orazio and your nephew Marco
Mentioned with honor.

TITIAN.

Ay, brave lads, brave lads.
But time will show. There is a youth in Venice,
One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese,
Still a mere stripling, but of such rare promise
That we must guard our laurels, or may lose them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These are good tidings; for I sometimes fear
That, when we die, with us all art will die.
'T is but a fancy. Nature will provide
Others to take our places. I rejoice
To see the young spring forward in the race,

Eager as we were, and as full of hope
And the sublime audacity of youth.

TITIAN.

Men die and are forgotten. The great world
Goes on the same. Among the myriads
Of men that live, or have lived, or shall live,
What is a single life, or thine or mine,
That we should think all nature would stand still
If we were gone? We must make room for others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture
Of Danaë, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain.*

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well
To lock such beauty in a brazen tower,
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present,
And saw the showery Jove from high Olympus
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower
On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.
Nature reveals herself in all our arts.
The pavements and the palaces of cities
Hint at the nature of the neighboring hills.
Red lavas from the Euganean quarries
Of Padua pave your streets; your palaces
Are the white stones of Istria, and gleam
Reflected in your waters and your pictures.
And thus the works of every artist show
Something of his surroundings and his habits.
The uttermost that can be reached by color
Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness
Mingle together. Never yet was flesh
Painted by hand of artist, dead or living,
With such divine perfection.

TITIAN.

I am grateful
For so much praise from you, who are a master;
While mostly those who praise and those who blame
Know nothing of the matter, so that mainly
Their censure sounds like praise, their praise like censure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Wonderful! wonderful! The charm of color
Fascinates me the more that in myself
The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

GIORGIO.

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,
Not one alone; and therefore I may venture
To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, speak on.

GIORGIO.

Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese
Have made me umpire in dispute between them
Which is the greater of the sister arts,
Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the doubt.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sculpture and painting have a common goal,
And whosoever would attain to it,
Whichever path he take, will find that goal
Equally hard to reach.

GIORGIO.

No doubt, no doubt ;
But you evade the question.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When I stand
In presence of this picture, I concede
That painting has attained its uttermost ;
But in the presence of my sculptured figures
I feel that my conception soars beyond
All limit I have reached.

GIORGIO.

You still evade me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Giorgio Vasari, I have often said
That I account that painting as the best
Which most resembles sculpture. Here before us
We have the proof. Behold these rounded limbs !
How from the canvas they detach themselves,

Till they deceive the eye, and one would say,
It is a statue with a screen behind it!

TITIAN.

Signori, pardon me; but all such questions
Seem to me idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle as the wind.
And now, Maestro, I will say once more
How admirable I esteem your work,
And leave you, without further interruption.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

GIORGIO.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* GIORGIO, *going out.*

If the Venetian painters knew
But half as much of drawing as of color,
They would indeed work miracles in art,
And the world see what it hath never seen.

VI

PALAZZO CESARINI

SCENE I. — VITTORIA COLONNA, *seated in an arm-chair;* JULIA GONZAGA, *standing near her.*

JULIA.

It grieves me that I find you still so weak
And suffering.

VITTORIA.

No, not suffering ; only dying.
Death is the chillness that precedes the dawn ;
We shudder for a moment, then awake
In the broad sunshine of the other life.
I am a shadow, merely, and these hands,
These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses that my husband
Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud of
Because he thought them so, are faded quite, —
All beauty gone from them.

JULIA.

Ah, no, not that.
Paler you are, but not less beautiful.

VITTORIA, *folding her hands.*

O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,
Who living for the faith and dying for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do not mourn
For thee as being dead, but for myself
That I am still alive. A little longer
Have patience with me, and if I am wanting
To thy well-being as thou art to mine,
Have patience ; I will come to thee ere long.

JULIA.

Do not give way to these foreboding thoughts.

VITTORIA.

Hand me the mirror. I would fain behold
What change comes o'er our features when we die.
Thank you. And now sit down beside me here.
How glad I am that you have come to-day,
Above all other days, and at the hour
When most I need you.

JULIA.

Do you ever need me?

VITTORIA.

Always, and most of all to-day and now.
Do you remember, Julia, when we walked,
One afternoon, upon the castle terrace
At Ischia, on the day before you left me?

JULIA.

Well I remember; but it seems to me
Something unreal that has never been,
Something that I have read of in a book,
Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA.

Ten years and more

Have passed since then ; and many things
have happened
In those ten years, and many friends have
died :
Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired
And loved as our Catullus ; dear Val-
desso,
The noble champion of free thought and
speech ;
And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA.

Oh, do not speak of him ! His sudden
death
O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame me then.
Let me forget it ; for my memory
Serves me too often as an unkind friend,
And I remember things I would forget,
While I forget the things I would re-
member.

VITTORIA.

Forgive me ; I will speak of him no more.
The good Fra Bernardino has departed,
Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps,
Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught
That He who made us all without our help
Could also save us without aid of ours.
Renée of France, the Duchess of Fer-
rara,
That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds
That blow from Rome ; Olympia Morata

Banished from court because of this new
doctrine.
Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret
thought
Locked in your breast.

JULIA.

I will be very prudent.
But speak no more, I pray; it wearies
you.

VITTORIA.

Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

JULIA.

Most willingly. What shall I read?

VITTORIA.

Petrarca's
Triumph of Death. The book lies on the
table,
Beside the casket there. Read where you
find
The leaf turned down. 'T was there I left
off reading.

JULIA *reads.*

"Not as a flame that by some force is
spent,
But one that of itself consumeth quite,
Departed hence in peace the soul con-
tent,

In fashion of a soft and lucent light
Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,
Keeping until the end its lustre bright.
Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows
That without wind on some fair hill-top lies,
Her weary body seemed to find repose.
Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,
When now the spirit was no longer there,
Was what is dying called by the unwise.
E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair."

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking? —
She doth not answer, yet is not asleep;
Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something
Above her in the air. I can see naught
Except the painted angels on the ceiling.
Vittoria! speak! What is it? Answer me! —
She only smiles, and stretches out her hands.

[*The mirror falls and breaks.*

VITTORIA.

Call my confessor! —
Not disobedient to the heavenly vision!
Pescara! my Pescara! [*Dies.*

JULIA.

Holy Virgin!
Her body sinks together, — she is dead!
[*Kneels, and hides her face in Vittoria's lap.*

Scene II. — Julia Gonzaga, Michael Angelo.

JULIA.

Hush! make no noise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How is she?

JULIA.

Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then she is dead!

JULIA.

Alas! yes, she is dead!
Even death itself in her fair face seems fair.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How wonderful! The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.
Saints only have such faces. Holy Angels!
Bear her like sainted Catherine to her rest! [*Kisses Vittoria's hand.*

PART THIRD

I

MONOLOGUE

Macello de' Corvi. A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S *house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO, *standing before a model of St. Peter's.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Better than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,
And less than thou I will not! If the thought
Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones
And swing them to their places; if a breath
Could blow this rounded dome into the air,
As if it were a bubble, and these statues
Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,
As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,
Then were my task completed. Now, alas!
Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding
Upon his hand the model of a church,
As German artists paint him; and what years,
What weary years, must drag themselves along,

Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances
Must block the way; what idle interferences
Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's,
Who nothing know of art beyond the color
Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building
Save that of their own fortunes! And what then?
I must then the short-coming of my means
Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan
Was told to add a step to his short sword.
[*A pause.*
And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all that light
Gone out? that sunshine darkened? all that music
And merriment, that used to make our lives
Less melancholy, swallowed up in silence
Like madrigals sung in the street at night
By passing revellers? It is strange indeed
That he should die before me. 'T is against
The laws of nature that the young should die,
And the old live; unless it be that some
Have long been dead who think themselves alive,

Because not buried. Well, what matters
it,
Since now that greater light, that was my
sun,
Is set, and all is darkness, all is darkness!
Death's lightnings strike to right and left
of me,
And, like a ruined wall, the world around
me
Crumbles away, and I am left alone.
I have no friends, and want none. My
own thoughts
Are now my sole companions, — thoughts
of her,
That like a benediction from the skies
Come to me in my solitude and soothe me.
When men are old, the incessant thought
of Death
Follows them like their shadow; sits with
them
At every meal; sleeps with them when
they sleep;
And when they wake already is awake,
And standing by their bedside. Then, what
folly
It is in us to make an enemy
Of this importunate follower, not a friend!
To me a friend, and not an enemy,
Has he become since all my friends are
dead.

II

VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO

SCENE I. — POPE JULIUS III. *seated by the Fountain of Acqua Vergine, surrounded by Cardinals.*

JULIUS.

Tell me, why is it ye are discontent,
You, Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,
With Michael Angelo? What has he done,
Or left undone, that ye are set against him?
When one Pope dies, another is soon made;
And I can make a dozen Cardinals,
But cannot make one Michael Angelo.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

Your Holiness, we are not set against him;
We but deplore his incapacity.
He is too old.

JULIUS.

You, Cardinal Salviati,
Are an old man. Are you incapable?
'T is the old ox that draws the straightest furrow.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Your Holiness remembers he was charged
With the repairs upon St. Mary's bridge;

Made cofferdams, and heaped up load on load
Of timber and travertine ; and yet for years
The bridge remained unfinished, till we gave it
To Baccio Bigio.

JULIUS.

Always Baccio Bigio !
Is there no other architect on earth ?
Was it not he that sometime had in charge
The harbor of Ancona ?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Ay, the same.

JULIUS.

Then let me tell you that your Baccio Bigio
Did greater damage in a single day
To that fair harbor than the sea had done
Or would do in ten years. And him you think
To put in place of Michael Angelo,
In building the Basilica of St. Peter !
The ass that thinks himself a stag discovers
His error when he comes to leap the ditch.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

He does not build ; he but demolishes
The labors of Bramante and San Gallo.

JULIUS.

Only to build more grandly.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

But time passes ;
Year after year goes by, and yet the work
Is not completed. Michael Angelo
Is a great sculptor, but no architect.
His plans are faulty.

JULIUS.

I have seen his model,
And have approved it. But here comes the artist.
Beware of him. He may make Persians of you,
To carry burdens on your backs forever.

SCENE II. — *The same:* MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIUS.

Come forward, dear Maestro. In these gardens
All ceremonies of our court are banished.
Sit down beside me here.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *sitting down.*

How graciously
Your Holiness commiserates old age
And its infirmities !

JULIUS.

Say its privileges.

Art I respect. The building of this palace
And laying out of these pleasant garden walks
Are my delight, and if I have not asked
Your aid in this, it is that I forbear
To lay new burdens on you at an age
When you need rest. Here I escape from Rome
To be at peace. The tumult of the city
Scarce reaches here.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How beautiful it is,
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

JULIUS.

We live as hermits here; and from these heights
O'erlook all Rome and see the yellow Tiber
Cleaving in twain the city, like a sword,
As far below there as St. Mary's bridge.
What think you of that bridge?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I would advise
Your Holiness not to cross it, or not often;
It is not safe.

JULIUS.

It was repaired of late.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some morning you will look for it in vain;

It will be gone. The current of the river
Is undermining it.

JULIUS.

But you repaired it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I strengthened all its piers, and paved its road
With travertine. He who came after me
Removed the stone and sold it, and filled in
The space with gravel.

JULIUS.

Cardinal Salviati
And Cardinal Marcello, do you listen?
This is your famous Nanni Baccio Bigio.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *aside*.

There is some mystery here. These Cardinals
Stand lowering at me with unfriendly eyes.

JULIUS.

Now let us come to what concerns us more
Than bridge or gardens. Some complaints are made
Concerning the Three Chapels in St. Peter's;
Certain supposed defects or imperfections,
You doubtless can explain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This is no longer

The golden age of art. Men have become
Iconoclasts and critics. They delight not
In what an artist does, but set themselves
To censure what they do not comprehend.
You will not see them bearing a Madonna
Of Cimabue to the church in triumph,
But tearing down the statue of a Pope
To cast it into cannon. Who are they
That bring complaints against me?

JULIUS.

Deputies
Of the Commissioners; and they complain
Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Your Holiness, the insufficient light
Is somewhere else, and not in the Three
Chapels.
Who are the deputies that make complaint?

JULIUS.

The Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,
Here present.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *rising.*

With permission, Monsignori,
What is it ye complain of?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

We regret
You have departed from Bramante's plan,
And from San Gallo's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Since the ancient time
No greater architect has lived on earth
Than Lazzari Bramante. His design,
Without confusion, simple, clear, well-lighted,
Merits all praise, and to depart from it
Would be departing from the truth. San Gallo,
Building about with columns, took all light
Out of this plan; left in the choir dark corners
For infinite ribaldries, and lurking places
For rogues and robbers; so that when the church
Was shut at night, not five and twenty men
Could find them out. It was San Gallo, then,
That left the church in darkness, and not I.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Excuse me; but in each of the Three Chapels
Is but a single window.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Monsignore,
Perhaps you do not know that in the vaulting
Above there are to go three other windows.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

How should we know? You never told
us of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I neither am obliged, nor will I be,
To tell your Eminence or any other
What I intend or ought to do. Your office
Is to provide the means, and see that
thieves
Do not lay hands upon them. The designs
Must all be left to me.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Sir architect,
You do forget yourself, to speak thus
rudely
In presence of his Holiness, and to us
Who are his Cardinals.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *putting on his hat.*

I do not forget
I am descended from the Counts Canossa,
Linked with the Imperial line, and with
Matilda,
Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patri-
mony.
I, too, am proud to give unto the Church
The labor of these hands, and what of life
Remains to me. My father Buonarotti
Was Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese.
I am not used to have men speak to me

As if I were a mason, hired to build
A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays
So much an hour.

CARDINAL SALVIATI, *aside.*

No wonder that Pope Clement
Never sat down in presence of this man,
Lest he should do the same; and always bade him
Put on his hat, lest he unasked should do it!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If any one could die of grief and shame,
I should. This labor was imposed upon me;
I did not seek it; and if I assumed it,
'T was not for love of fame or love of gain,
But for the love of God. Perhaps old age
Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition;
I may be doing harm instead of good.
Therefore, I pray your Holiness, release me;
Take off from me the burden of this work;
Let me go back to Florence.

JULIUS.

Never, never,
While I am living.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Doth your Holiness
Remember what the Holy Scriptures say

Of the inevitable time, when those
Who look out of the windows shall be darkened,
And the almond-tree shall flourish ?

JULIUS.

That is in Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO

And the grasshopper
Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,
Because man goeth unto his long home.
Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher ; all
Is vanity.

JULIUS.

Ah, were to do a thing
As easy as to dream of doing it,
We should not want for artists. But the men
Who carry out in act their great designs
Are few in number ; aye, they may be counted
Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place
Is at St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have had my dream,
And cannot carry out my great conception,
And put it into act.

JULIUS.

Then who can do it ?

You would but leave it to some Baccio
Bigio
To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rather than that,
I will still bear the burden on my shoulders
A little longer. If your Holiness
Will keep the world in order, and will leave
The building of the church to me, the work
Will go on better for it. Holy Father,
If all the labors that I have endured,
And shall endure, advantage not my soul,
I am but losing time.

JULIUS, *laying his hands on* MICHAEL ANGELO'S *shoulders.*

You will be gainer
Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not events
Exasperate me, but the funest conclusions
I draw from these events ; the sure decline
Of art, and all the meaning of that word ;
All that embellishes and sweetens life,
And lifts it from the level of low cares
Into the purer atmosphere of beauty ;
The faith in the Ideal ; the inspiration
That made the canons of the church of Seville
Say, " Let us build, so that all men hereafter

Will say that we were madmen." Holy Father,
I beg permission to retire from here.

JULIUS.

Go ; and my benediction be upon you.

SCENE III. — POPE JULIUS *and the* CARDINALS.

JULIUS.

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo
Must not be dealt with as a common mason.
He comes of noble blood, and for his crest
Bears two bull's horns ; and he has given us proof
That he can toss with them. From this day forth
Unto the end of time, let no man utter
The name of Baccio Bigio in my presence.
All great achievements are the natural fruits
Of a great character. As trees bear not
Their fruits of the same size and quality,
But each one in its kind with equal ease,
So are great deeds as natural to great men
As mean things are to small ones. By his work
We know the master. Let us not perplex him.

III

BINDO ALTOVITI

A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, *standing at the door of his house.* MICHAEL ANGELO, *passing.*

BINDO.

Good-morning, Messer Michael Angelo !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti !

BINDO.

What brings you forth so early ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The same reason
That keeps you standing sentinel at your door, —
The air of this delicious summer morning.
What news have you from Florence ?

BINDO.

Nothing new ;
The same old tale of violence and wrong.
Since the disastrous day at Monte Murlo,
When in procession, through San Gallo's gate,
Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on sorry steeds,
Philippo Strozzi and the good Valori
Amid the shouts of an ungrateful people

Were led as prisoners down the streets of Florence,
Hope is no more, and liberty no more.
Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Florence is dead : her houses are but tombs ;
Silence and solitude are in her streets.

BINDO.

Ah yes ; and often I repeat the words
You wrote upon your statue of the Night,
There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo :
" Grateful to me is sleep ; to be of stone
More grateful, while the wrong and shame endure ;
To see not, feel not, is a benediction ;
Therefore awake me not ; oh, speak in whispers."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, Messer Bindo, the calamities,
The fallen fortunes, and the desolation
Of Florence are to me a tragedy
Deeper than words, and darker than despair.
I, who have worshipped freedom from my cradle,
Have loved her with the passion of a lover,
And clothed her with all lovely attributes
That the imagination can conceive,
Or the heart conjure up, now see her dead,

And trodden in the dust beneath the feet
Of an adventurer! It is a grief
Too great for me to bear in my old age.

BINDO.

I say no news from Florence: I am wrong,
For Benvenuto writes that he is coming
To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Those are good tidings.
He hath been many years away from us.

BINDO.

Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have not time to stay,
And yet I will. I see from here your house
Is filled with works of art. That bust in bronze
Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the master
That works in such an admirable way,
And with such power and feeling?

BINDO.

Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah? Benvenuto? 'T is a masterpiece!
It pleases me as much, and even more,
Than the antiques about it; and yet they
Are of the best one sees. But you have placed it

By far too high. The light comes from below,
And injures the expression. Were these windows
Above and not beneath it, then indeed
It would maintain its own among these works
Of the old masters, noble as they are.
I will go in and study it more closely.
I always prophesied that Benvenuto,
With all his follies and fantastic ways,
Would show his genius in some work of art
That would amaze the world, and be a challenge
Unto all other artists of his time.

[*They go in.*

IV

IN THE COLISEUM

MICHAEL ANGELO *and* TOMASO DE' CAVALIERI.

CAVALIERI.

What do you here alone, Messer Michele?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I come to learn.

CAVALIERI.

You are already master,
And teach all other men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nay, I know nothing;
Not even my own ignorance, as some
Philosopher hath said. I am a school-boy
Who hath not learned his lesson, and who stands
Ashamed and silent in the awful presence
Of the great master of antiquity
Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI.

Gaudentius
His name was, I remember. His reward
Was to be thrown alive to the wild beasts
Here where we now are standing.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle tales.

CAVALIERI.

But you are greater than Gaudentius was,
And your work nobler.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI.

Tradition says that fifteen thousand men
Were toiling for ten years incessantly
Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Behold
How wonderful it is! The queen of flowers,

The marble rose of Rome! Its petals torn
By wind and rain of thrice five hundred years;
Its mossy sheath half rent away, and sold
To ornament our palaces and churches,
Or to be trodden under feet of man
Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what remains
Still opening its fair bosom to the sun,
And to the constellations that at night
Hang poised above it like a swarm of bees.

CAVALIERI.

The rose of Rome, but not of Paradise;
Not the white rose our Tuscan poet saw,
With saints for petals. When this rose was perfect
Its hundred thousand petals were not saints,
But senators in their Thessalian caps,
And all the roaring populace of Rome;
And even an Empress and the Vestal Virgins,
Who came to see the gladiators die,
Could not give sweetness to a rose like this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I spake not of its uses, but its beauty.

CAVALIERI.

The sand beneath our feet is saturate
With blood of martyrs; and these rifted stones

Are awful witnesses against a people
Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,
You should have been a preacher, not a painter!
Think you that I approve such cruelties,
Because I marvel at the architects
Who built these walls, and curved these noble arches?
Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider
How mean our work is, when compared with theirs!
Look at these walls about us and above us!
They have been shaken by earthquakes, have been made
A fortress, and been battered by long sieges;
The iron clamps, that held the stones together,
Have been wrenched from them; but they stand erect
And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed
Out of the solid rock, and were a part
Of the foundations of the world itself.

CAVALIERI.

Your work, I say again, is nobler work,
In so far as its end and aim are nobler;

And this is but a ruin, like the rest.
Its vaulted passages are made the caverns
Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts
Of murdered men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A thousand wild flowers bloom
From every chink, and the birds build their nests
Among the ruined arches, and suggest
New thoughts of beauty to the architect.
Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead
Into the corridors above, and study
The marvel and the mystery of that art
In which I am a pupil, not a master.

All things must have an end; the world itself
Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.
There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched
The earth, and stopped it in its course The seas
Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss;
The forests and the fields slid off, and floated
Like wooded islands in the air. The dead
Were hurled forth from their sepulchres; the living
Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead, —

All being dead; and the fair, shining
cities
Dropped out like jewels from a broken
crown.
Naught but the core of the great globe re-
mained,
A skeleton of stone. And over it
The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud,
And then recoiled upon itself, and fell
Back on the empty world, that with the
weight
Reeled, staggered, righted, and then head-
long plunged
Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck
By a great sea, throws off the waves at
first
On either side, then settles and goes down
Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

CAVALIERI.

But the earth does not move.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Who knows? who knows?
There are great truths that pitch their
shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly
seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.
A certain man, Copernicus by name,

Sometime professor here in Rome, has whispered
It is the earth, and not the sun, that moves.
What I beheld was only in a dream,
Yet dreams sometimes anticipate events,
Being unsubstantial images of things
As yet unseen.

V

MACELLO DE' CORVI

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So, Benvenuto, you return once more
To the Eternal City. 'T is the centre
To which all gravitates. One finds no rest
Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities
That please us for a while, but Rome alone
Completely satisfies. It becomes to all
A second native land by predilection,
And not by accident of birth alone.

BENVENUTO.

I am but just arrived, and am now lodging
With Bindo Altoviti. I have been
To kiss the feet of our most Holy Father,
And now am come in haste to kiss the hands
Of my miraculous Master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And to find him
Grown very old.

BENVENUTO.

You know that precious stones
Never grow old.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Half sunk beneath the horizon,
And yet not gone. Twelve years are a long while.
Tell me of France.

BENVENUTO.

It were too long a tale
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to say
The King received me well, and loved me well;
Gave me the annual pension that before me
Our Leonardo had, nor more nor less,
And for my residence the Tour de Nesle,
Upon the river-side.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A princely lodging.

BENVENUTO.

What in return I did now matters not,
For there are other things, of greater moment,
I wish to speak of. First of all, the letter

You wrote me, not long since, about my bust
Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome. You said,
"My Benvenuto, I for many years
Have known you as the greatest of all goldsmiths,
And now I know you as no less a sculptor."
Ah, generous Master! How shall I e'er thank you
For such kind language?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

By believing it.
I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house,
And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,
And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO.

It is too much;
And I should stand abashed here in your presence,
Had I done nothing worthier of your praise
Than Bindo's bust.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What have you done that 's better?

BENVENUTO.

When I left Rome for Paris, you remember

I promised you that if I went a goldsmith
I would return a sculptor. I have kept
The promise I then made.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Dear Benvenuto,
I recognized the latent genius in you,
But feared your vices.

BENVENUTO.

I have turned them all
To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,
That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me
Where meekness could not, and where patience could not,
As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze
A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft
In his left hand the head of the Medusa,
And in his right the sword that severed it;
His right foot planted on the lifeless corse;
His face superb and pitiful, with eyes
Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO.

As it will be
When it is placed upon the Ducal Square,

Half-way between your David and the Judith
Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rival of them both!

BENVENUTO.

But ah, what infinite trouble have I had
With Bandinello, and that stupid beast,
The major-domo of Duke Cosimo,
Francesco Ricci, and their wretched agent
Gorini, who came crawling round about me
Like a black spider, with his whining voice
That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito!
Oh, I have wept in utter desperation,
And wished a thousand times I had not left
My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er returned to Florence,
Nor thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods
They told the Grand Duke, to impede my work,
And make me desperate!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock;
We see it fly, while the hour-hand of truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,

And wins at last, for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal.

BENVENUTO.

My obstinacy
Stood me in stead, and helped me to o'ercome
The hindrances that envy and ill-will
Put in my way.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When anything is done
People see not the patient doing of it,
Nor think how great would be the loss to man
If it had not been done. As in a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human life
Each action rests on the foregone event,
That made it possible, but is forgotten
And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO.

Even Bandinello,
Who never yet spake well of anything,
Speaks well of this ; and yet he told the Duke
That, though I cast small figures well enough,
I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But you have done it,
And proved Ser Bandinello a false prophet.
That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO.

And ah, that casting!
What a wild scene it was, as late at night,
A night of wind and rain, we heaped the furnace
With pine of Serristori, till the flames
Caught in the rafters over us, and threatened
To send the burning roof upon our heads;
And from the garden side the wind and rain
Poured in upon us, and half quenched our fires.
I was beside myself with desperation.
A shudder came upon me, then a fever;
I thought that I was dying, and was forced
To leave the work-shop, and to throw myself
Upon my bed, as one who has no hope.
And as I lay there, a deformed old man
Appeared before me, and with dismal voice,
Like one who doth exhort a criminal
Led forth to death, exclaimed, "Poor Benvenuto,
Thy work is spoiled! There is no remedy!"

Then with a cry so loud it might have reached
The heaven of fire, I bounded to my feet,
And rushed back to my workmen. They all stood
Bewildered and desponding ; and I looked
Into the furnace, and beheld the mass
Half molten only, and in my despair
I fed the fire with oak, whose terrible heat
Soon made the sluggish metal shine and sparkle.
Then followed a bright flash, and an explosion,
As if a thunderbolt had fallen among us.
The covering of the furnace had been rent
Asunder, and the bronze was flowing over ;
So that I straightway opened all the sluices
To fill the mould. The metal ran like lava,
Sluggish and heavy ; and I sent my workmen
To ransack the whole house, and bring together
My pewter plates and pans, two hundred of them,
And cast them one by one into the furnace
To liquefy the mass, and in a moment
The mould was filled ! I fell upon my knees
And thanked the Lord ; and then we ate and drank

And went to bed, all hearty and contented.
It was two hours before the break of day.
My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A strange adventure,
That could have happened to no man alive
But you, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

As my workmen said
To major-domo Ricci afterward
When he inquired of them: "'T was not a man,
But an express great devil."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the statue?

BENVENUTO.

Perfect in every part, save the right foot
Of Perseus, as I had foretold the Duke.
There was just bronze enough to fill the mould;
Not a drop over, not a drop too little.
I looked upon it as a miracle
Wrought by the hand of God.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I see
How you have turned your vices into virtues.

BENVENUTO.

But wherefore do I prate of this? I came
To speak of other things. Duke Cosimo
Through me invites you to return to Florence,
And offers you great honors, even to make you
One of the Forty-Eight, his Senators.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His Senators! That is enough. Since Florence
Was changed by Clement Seventh from a Republic
Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish
To be a Florentine. That dream is ended.
The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme;
All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me!
I hoped to see my country rise to heights
Of happiness and freedom yet unreached
By other nations, but the climbing wave
Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again
Back to the common level, with a hoarse
Death-rattle in its throat. I am too old
To hope for better days. I will stay here
And die in Rome. The very weeds, that grow
Among the broken fragments of her ruins,
Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers

Of other cities; and the desolate ring
Of the Campagna round about her walls
Fairer than all the villas that encircle
The towns of Tuscany.

BENVENUTO.

But your old friends!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All dead by violence. Baccio Valori
Has been beheaded; Guicciardini poisoned;
Philippo Strozzi strangled in his prison.
Is Florence then a place for honest men
To flourish in? What is there to prevent
My sharing the same fate?

BENVENUTO.

Why, this: if all
Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Is Aretino dead?

BENVENUTO.

He lives in Venice,
And not in Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is the same to me.
This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers
Call the Divine, as if to make the word
Unpleasant in the mouths of those who speak it

And in the ears of those who hear it, sends me
A letter written for the public eye,
And with such subtle and infernal malice,
I wonder at his wickedness. 'T is he
Is the express great devil, and not you.
Some years ago he told me how to paint
The scenes of the Last Judgment.

BENVENUTO.

I remember.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian,
He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom
With which I represent it.

BENVENUTO.

Hypocrite!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He says I show mankind that I am wanting
In piety and religion, in proportion
As I profess perfection in my art.
Profess perfection? Why, 't is only men
Like Bugiardini who are satisfied
With what they do. I never am content,
But always see the labor of my hand
Fall short of my conception.

BENVENUTO.

I perceive
The malice of this creature. He would taint you

With heresy, and in a time like this!
'T is infamous!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I represent the angels
Without their heavenly glory, and the saints
Without a trace of earthly modesty.

BENVENUTO.

Incredible audacity!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The heathen
Veiled their Diana with some drapery,
And when they represented Venus naked
They made her by her modest attitude
Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian,
Do so subordinate belief to art
That I have made the very violation
Of modesty in martyrs and in virgins
A spectacle at which all men would gaze
With half-averted eyes even in a brothel.

BENVENUTO.

He is at home there, and he ought to know
What men avert their eyes from in such places;
From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But divine Providence will never leave

The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished;
And the more marvellous it is, the more
'T is sure to prove the ruin of my fame!
And finally, if in this composition
I had pursued the instructions that he gave me
Concerning heaven and hell and paradise,
In that same letter, known to all the world,
Nature would not be forced, as she is now,
To feel ashamed that she invested me
With such great talent; that I stand myself
A very idol in the world of art.
He taunts me also with the Mausoleum
Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason
That men persuaded the inane old man
It was of evil augury to build
His tomb while he was living; and he speaks
Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed to me,
And calls it robbery; — that is what he says.
What prompted such a letter?

BENVENUTO.

Vanity.
He is a clever writer, and he likes
To draw his pen, and flourish it in the face

Of every honest man, as swordsmen do
Their rapiers on occasion, but to show
How skilfully they do it. Had you followed
The advice he gave, or even thanked him for it,
You would have seen another style of fence.
'T is but his wounded vanity, and the wish
To see his name in print. So give it not
A moment's thought; it will soon be forgotten.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I will not think of it, but let it pass
For a rude speech thrown at me in the street,
As boys threw stones at Dante.

BENVENUTO.

And what answer
Shall I take back to Grand Duke Cosimo?
He does not ask your labor or your service;
Only your presence in the city of Florence,
With such advice upon his work in hand
As he may ask, and you may choose to give.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have my answer. Nothing he can offer
Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My work is here,

And only here, the building of St. Peter's.
What other things I hitherto have done
Have fallen from me, are no longer mine ;
I have passed on beyond them, and have left them
As milestones on the way. What lies before me,
That is still mine, and while it is unfinished
No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me,
By promises of ease, or wealth, or honor,
Till I behold the finished dome uprise
Complete, as now I see it in my thought.

BENVENUTO.

And will you paint no more ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No more.

BENVENUTO.

'T is well.
Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,
That fashions all her works in high relief,
And that is sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,
Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire ;
Men, women, and all animals that breathe
Are statues and not paintings. Even the plants,

The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were
first sculptured,
And colored later. Painting is a lie,
A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Truly, as you say,
Sculpture is more than painting. It is
greater
To raise the dead to life than to create
Phantoms that seem to live. The most
majestic
Of the three sister arts is that which builds ;
The eldest of them all, to whom the others
Are but the handmaids and the servitors,
Being but imitation, not creation.
Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

BENVENUTO.

And no more from the marble hew those
forms
That fill us all with wonder ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Many statues
Will there be room for in my work. Their
station
Already is assigned them in my mind.
But things move slowly. There are hin-
drances,
Want of material, want of means, delays
And interruptions, endless interference

Of Cardinal Commissioners, and disputes
And jealousies of artists, that annoy me.
But I will persevere until the work
Is wholly finished, or till I sink down
Surprised by Death, that unexpected guest,
Who waits for no man's leisure, but steps in,
Unasked and unannounced, to put a stop
To all our occupations and designs.
And then perhaps I may go back to Florence;
This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

VI

MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDIO

MICHAEL ANGELO *and* URBINO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *pausing in his work.*

Urbino, thou and I are both old men.
My strength begins to fail me.

URBINO.

Eccellenza,
That is impossible. Do I not see you
Attack the marble blocks with the same fury
As twenty years ago?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an old habit.
I must have learned it early from my nurse
At Setignano, the stone-mason's wife;

For the first sounds I heard were of the chisel
Chipping away the stone.

URBINO.

At every stroke
You strike fire with your chisel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Aye, because
The marble is too hard.

URBINO.

It is a block
That Topolino sent you from Carrara.
He is a judge of marble.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I remember.
With it he sent me something of his making, —
A Mercury, with long body and short legs,
As if by any possibility
A messenger of the gods could have short legs.
It was no more like Mercury than you are,
But rather like those little plaster figures
That peddlers hawk about the villages
As images of saints. But luckily
For Topolino, there are many people
Who see no difference between what is best

And what is only good, or not even good ;
So that poor artists stand in their esteem
On the same level with the best, or higher.

URBINO.

How Eccellenza laughed !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Poor Topolino !
All men are not born artists, nor will labor
E'er make them artists.

URBINO.

No, no more
Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals.
One must be chosen for it. I have been
Your color-grinder six and twenty years,
And am not yet an artist.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some have eyes
That see not ; but in every block of marble
I see a statue, — see it as distinctly
As if it stood before me shaped and perfect
In attitude and action. I have only
To hew away the stone walls that imprison
The lovely apparition, and reveal it
To other eyes as mine already see it.
But I grow old and weak. What wilt thou do
When I am dead, Urbino ?

URBINO.

Eccellenza,
I must then serve another master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Never !
Bitter is servitude at best. Already
So many years hast thou been serving me ;
But rather as a friend than as a servant.
We have grown old together. Dost thou think
So meanly of this Michael Angelo
As to imagine he would let thee serve,
When he is free from service ? Take this purse,
Two thousand crowns in gold.

URBINO.

Two thousand crowns !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou shalt not die
A beggar in a hospital.

URBINO.

Oh, Master !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I cannot have them with me on the journey
That I am undertaking. The last garment
That men will make for me will have no pockets.

URBINO, *kissing the hand of* MICHAEL ANGELO.
My generous master!

MICHAEL ANGELO.
Hush!

URBINO.
My Providence!

MICHAEL ANGELO.
Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.
Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,
Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

VII

THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA

MICHAEL ANGELO, *alone in the woods.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.
How still it is among these ancient oaks!
Surges and undulations of the air
Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall
With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes
Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,
That may have heard in infancy the trumpets

Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride
Man's brief existence, that with all his strength
He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.
This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk,
Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak
Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast
The fierce wild-boar, and tossing in its arms
The cradled nests of birds, when all the men
That now inhabit this vast universe,
They and their children, and their children's children,
Shall be but dust and mould, and nothing more.
Through openings in the trees I see below me
The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms
And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade
Of the tall poplars on the river's brink.
O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse!
I, who have never loved thee as I ought,
But wasted all my years immured in cities,
And breathed the stifling atmosphere of streets,
Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.
Yonder I see the little hermitages
Dotting the mountain side with points of light,

And here St. Julian's convent, like a nest
Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.
Beyond the broad, illimitable plain
Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quoit,
That, by the envious Zephyr blown aside,
Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth
With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.
And now, instead of these fair deities,
Dread demons haunt the earth; hermits inhabit
The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads;
And jovial friars, rotund and rubicund,
Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

Here underneath these venerable oaks,
Wrinkled and brown and gnarled like them with age,
A brother of the monastery sits,
Lost in his meditations. What may be
The questions that perplex, the hopes that cheer him? —
Good-evening, holy father.

MONK.

God be with you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon a stranger if he interrupt
Your meditations.

MONK.

It was but a dream. —
The old, old dream, that never will come true ;
The dream that all my life I have been dreaming,
And yet is still a dream.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All men have dreams.
I have had mine ; but none of them came true ;
They were but vanity. Sometimes I think
The happiness of man lies in pursuing,
Not in possessing ; for the things possessed
Lose half their value. Tell me of your dream.

MONK.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,
That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright,
While all the others bend and bow to it ;
The passion that torments me, and that breathes
New meaning into the dead forms of prayer,
Is that with mortal eyes I may behold
The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome ?

MONK.

There is but one ;
The rest are merely names. I think of it
As the Celestial City, paved with gold,
And sentinelled with angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Would it were.
I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered
By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

MONK.

But still for me 't is the Celestial City,
And I would see it once before I die.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Each one must bear his cross.

MONK.

Were it a cross
That had been laid upon me, I could bear it,
Or fall with it. It is a crucifix ;
I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What would you see in Rome ?

MONK.

His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa ?
You would but see a man of fourscore years,

With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles,
Who sits at table with his friends for hours,
Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews
And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery
Think you he now defends the Eternal City?

MONK.

With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So he calls them;
And yet in fact these bright angelic legions
Are only German Lutherans.

MONK, *crossing himself.*

Heaven protect us!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What further would you see?

MONK.

The Cardinals,
Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

MONK.

The catacombs, the convents, and the churches;
The ceremonies of the Holy Week
In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany,

The feast of the Santissimo Bambino
At Ara Cœli. But I shall not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These pompous ceremonies of the Church
Are but an empty show to him who knows
The actors in them. Stay here in your convent,
For he who goes to Rome may see too much.
What would you further?

MONK.

I would see the painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The smoke of incense and of altar candles
Has blackened it already.

MONK.

Woe is me!
Then I would hear Allegri's Miserere,
Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A dismal dirge!
I am an old, old man, and I have lived
In Rome for thirty years and more, and know
The jarring of the wheels of that great world,
Its jealousies, its discords, and its strife.

Therefore I say to you, remain content
Here in your convent, here among your woods,
Where only there is peace. Go not to Rome.
There was of old a monk of Wittenberg
Who went to Rome ; you may have heard of him ;
His name was Luther ; and you know what followed.

[*The convent bell rings.*

MONK, *rising.*

It is the convent bell ; it rings for vespers.
Let us go in ; we both will pray for peace.

VIII

THE DEAD CHRIST

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio.* MICHAEL ANGELO *with a light, working upon the Dead Christ. Midnight.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O Death, why is it I cannot portray
Thy form and features ? Do I stand too near thee ?
Or dost thou hold my hand, and draw me back,
As being thy disciple, not thy master ?
Let him who knows not what old age is like

Have patience till it comes, and he will
know.
I once had skill to fashion Life and Death
And Sleep, which is the counterfeit of
Death;
And I remember what Giovanni Strozzi
Wrote underneath my statue of the Night
In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago!
Grateful to me is sleep! More grateful
now
Than it was then; for all my friends are
dead;
And she is dead, the noblest of them all.
I saw her face, when the great sculptor
Death,
Whom men should call Divine, had at a
blow
Stricken her into marble; and I kissed
Her cold white hand. What was it held
me back
From kissing her fair forehead, and those
lips,
Those dead, dumb lips? Grateful to me
is sleep!

Enter GIORGIO VASARI.

GIORGIO.

Good-evening, or good-morning, for I know
not
Which of the two it is.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How came you in?

GIORGIO.

Why, by the door, as all men do.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ascanio
Must have forgotten to bolt it.

GIORGIO.

Probably.
Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,
That I could slip through bolted door or window?
As I was passing down the street, I saw
A glimmer of light, and heard the well-known chink
Of chisel upon marble. So I entered,
To see what keeps you from your bed so late.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *coming forward with the lamp.*

You have been revelling with your boon companions,
Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me
At an untimely hour.

GIORGIO.

The Pope hath sent me.
His Holiness desires to see again
The drawing you once showed him of the dome
Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

We will look for it.

GIORGIO.

What is the marble group that glimmers there
Behind you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing, and yet everything, —
As one may take it. It is my own tomb
That I am building.

GIORGIO.

Do not hide it from me.
By our long friendship and the love I bear you,
Refuse me not !

MICHAEL ANGELO, *letting fall the lamp.*

Life hath become to me
An empty theatre, — its lights extinguished,
The music silent, and the actors gone ;
And I alone sit musing on the scenes
That once have been. I am so old that Death
Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come with him ;
And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,
And my last spark of life will be extinguished.
Ah me ! ah me ! what darkness of despair !
So near to death, and yet so far from God.

TRANSLATIONS

PRELUDE

As treasures that men seek,
Deep buried in sea-sands,
Vanish if they but speak,
And elude their eager hands, —

So ye escape and slip,
O songs, and fade away,
When the word is on my lip
To interpret what ye say.

Were it not better, then,
To let the treasures rest,
Hid from the eyes of men,
Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place,
But half the secret told,
That, following this slight trace,
Others may find the gold.

FROM THE SPANISH

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

Oh let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past, — the past,
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that 's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave !
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal ; side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few ;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise,
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above ;

So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering
thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,
Disastrous accident, and change,
That come to all ;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they ?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage ;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array ;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more ;

Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found:
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they all
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,

Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion ? who the strong ?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng ?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes ;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled ;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon ?
Where are the courtly gallantries ?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,
What were they but a pageant scene ?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb ?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet ?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet ?

Where is the song of Troubadour ?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore ?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore ?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride ;
Oh, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside !

But oh, how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray !

She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls,
All filled with gold ;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold ;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array,
Where shall we seek them now ? Alas !
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign ;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train !

But he was mortal ; and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of Death
Blasted his years ;
Judgment of God ! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears !

Spain's haughty Constable, the true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all ;
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall !

The countless treasures of his care,
His villages and villas fair,
His mighty power,
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour ?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings ;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings ;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride ?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died ?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,

That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom ;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair ;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts ;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,
Roderic Manrique, he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion ;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,
Ye saw his deeds !

Why should their praise in verse be sung ?
The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ; how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief !
To foes how stern a foe was he !
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief !

What prudence with the old and wise :
What grace in youthful gayeties ;
In all how sage !
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call ;
His, Scipio's virtue ; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws ;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause ;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still ;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will ;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command ;
The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate ;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave ;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if of old his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,

So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare which of old
'T was his to share,
Such noble leagues he made that more
And fairer regions than before
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page ;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power ;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,

Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

" Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe ;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

" A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'T is but a name ;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

" The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate ;
The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
A joy so great.

" But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears ;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has
poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, thy hope is certainty,
The third, the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

'My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make

Thy home on earth ;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

" And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently ;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
Oh, pardon me ! "

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind ;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind ;

His soul to Him who gave it rose ;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest !
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

SONNETS

I

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

(El Buen Pastor)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying,
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
Oh, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt waiting still for me!

II

TO-MORROW

(MAÑANA)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
Oh, strange delusion, that I did not greet
Thy blest approach! and oh, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow."

III

THE NATIVE LAND

(El Patrio Cielo)

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

Clear fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

IV

THE IMAGE OF GOD

(La Imágen de Dios)

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

O Lord! who seest, from yon starry height,
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

V

THE BROOK

(Á un Arroyuelo)

ANONYMOUS

Laugh of the mountain! — lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS

I

Rio Verde, Rio Verde !
Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters
Dappled are with crimson gore ;
For between the Moors and Christians
Long has been the fight and sore.

Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,
Lords of high renown were slain,
Perished many a brave hidalgo
Of the noblemen of Spain.

II

Don Nuno, Count of Lara,
In anger and in pride,
Forgot all reverence for the king,
And thus in wrath replied :

"Our noble ancestors," quoth he,
"Ne'er such a tribute paid ;
Nor shall the king receive of us
What they have once gainsaid.

"The base-born soul who deems it just
May here with thee remain;
But follow me, ye cavaliers,
Ye noblemen of Spain."

Forth followed they the noble Count,
They marched to Glera's plain;
Out of three thousand gallant knights
Did only three remain.

They tied the tribute to their spears,
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the king
That his tax was ready there.

"He may send and take by force," said they,
"This paltry sum of gold;
But the goodly gift of liberty
Cannot be bought and sold."

III

The peasant leaves his plough afield,
The reaper leaves his hook,
And from his hand the shepherd-boy
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
The old forget their years,
The feeble man grows stout of heart,
No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,
And on liberty they call;
They cannot brook to wear the yoke,
When threatened by the Gaul.

"Free were we born," 't is thus they cry,
"And willingly pay we
The duty that we owe our king,
By the divine decree.

"But God forbid that we obey
The laws of foreign knaves,
Tarnish the glory of our sires,
And make our children slaves.

"Our hearts have not so craven grown,
So bloodless all our veins,
So vigorless our brawny arms,
As to submit to chains.

"Has the audacious Frank, forsooth,
Subdued these seas and lands?
Shall he a bloodless victory have?
No, not while we have hands.

"He shall learn that the gallant Leonese
Can bravely fight and fall,
But that they know not how to yield;
They are Castilians all.

"Was it for this the Roman power
Of old was made to yield
Unto Numantia's valiant hosts
On many a bloody field?

"Shall the bold lions that have bathed
Their paws in Libyan gore,
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
And dare the strife no more?

"Let the false king sell town and tower,
But not his vassals free;
For to subdue the free-born soul
No royal power hath he!"

VIDA DE SAN MILLAN

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

And when the kings were in the field, — their squadrons in array, —
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes, —
These were a numerous army, — a little handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on high;

And there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen ;
The one, he held a crosier, — a pontiff's mitre wore ;
The other held a crucifix, — such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they, —
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way ;
They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again ;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenchèd fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near
unto the battle-ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt
unerring blows around ;
Such deadly havoc there they made the
foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of
the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the
champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite
full sore and high ;
The Moors raised up their voices and by
the Koran swore
That in their lives such deadly fray they
ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers, — fast sped
the bloody fight, —
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and
some half dead with fright :
Full sorely they repented that to the field
they came,
For they saw that from the battle they
should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them, — they dreamed
not of such woes, —
The very arrows that the Moors shot from
their twanging bows

Turned back against them in their flight
and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was
paid in drops of gore.

. . . . . .

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal
crown had on,
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of
Saint John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the
monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neigh-
borhood.

SAN MIGUEL, THE CONVENT

(San Miguel de la Tumba)

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

San Miguel de la Tumba is a convent
vast and wide;
The sea encircles it around, and groans on
every side:
It is a wild and dangerous place, and many
woes betide
The monks who in that burial-place in pen-
itence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood,
Of pious, fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood ;
To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed,
And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin Mother smiled,
And, as the custom is, she held within her arms the Child ;
The kings and wise men of the East were kneeling by her side ;
Attended was she like a queen whom God had sanctified.

. . . . . .

Descending low before her face a screen of feathers hung, —
A *moscader*, or fan for flies, 't is called in vulgar tongue ;
From the feathers of the peacock's wing 't was fashioned bright and fair,
And glistened like the heaven above when all its stars are there.

It chanced that, for the people's sins, fell the lightning's blasting stroke :

Forth from all four the sacred walls the
flames consuming broke ;
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal
and holy book ;
And hardly with their lives the monks their
crumbling walls forsook.

. . . . . .

But though the desolating flame raged
fearfully and wild,
It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did not
reach the Child ;
It did not reach the feathery screen before
her face that shone,
Nor injure in a farthing's worth the image
or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not
burn the screen ;
Even in the value of a hair they were not
hurt, I ween ;
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor in-
jure more the shrine
Than the bishop hight Don Tello has been
hurt by hand of mine.

. . . . . .

SONG

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steel, or sword, or battle-field
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge
Be half so fair as she!

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK

(LETRILLA QUE LLEVABA POR REGISTRO EN SU BREVIARIO)

BY SANTA TERESA DE AVILA

LET nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

FROM THE CANCIONEROS

I

EYES SO TRISTFUL, EYES SO TRISTFUL

(Ojos Tristes, Ojos Tristes)

BY DIEGO DE SALDANA

Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and cumber,
I was lapped in rest and slumber,
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!
In this life of labor endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made me
Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

II

SOME DAY, SOME DAY

(Alguna Vez)

BY CRISTÓBAL DE GASTILLEJO

Some day, some day,
O troubled breast,
Shalt thou find rest.

If Love in thee
To grief give birth,
Six feet of earth
Can more than he ;
There calm and free
And unoppressed
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed,
Shall all be gained ;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

III

COME, O DEATH, SO SILENT FLYING

(Ven, Muerte tan escondida)

BY EL COMMENDADOR ESCRIVA

Come, O Death, so silent flying
That unheard thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.
For thy sure approach perceiving,
In my constancy and pain
I new life should win again,
Thinking that I am not living.
So to me, unconscious lying,

All unknown thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.
Unto him who finds thee hateful,
Death, thou art inhuman pain;
But to me, who dying gain,
Life is but a task ungrateful.
Come, then, with my wish complying,
All unheard thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.

IV

GLOVE OF BLACK IN WHITE HAND BARE

Glove of black in white hand bare,
And about her forehead pale
Wound a thin, transparent veil,
That doth not conceal her hair;
Sovereign attitude and air,
Cheek and neck alike displayed,
With coquettish charms arrayed,
Laughing eyes and fugitive;—
This is killing men that live,
'T is not mourning for the dead.

FROM THE SWEDISH AND DANISH

PASSAGES FROM

FRITHIOF'S SAGA

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

I

FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
Birch woods crowned the summits, but down the slope of the hillsides
Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-horned reindeers
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
But in the valleys widely around, there fed on the greensward
Herds with shining hides and udders that longed for the milk-pail.
'Mid these scattered, now here and now there, were numberless flocks of

Sheep with fleeces white, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,
Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.
Coursers two times twelve, all mettlesome, fast fettered storm-winds,
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, and tugged at their fodder.
Knotted with red were their manes, and their hoofs all white with steel shoes.
Th' banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking, at Yule-tide.
Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel ; the columns twain of the High-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree ;
Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black,
Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver),
Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Oft, when the moon through the cloud-rack flew, related the old man

Wonders from distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings
Far away on the Baltic, and Sea of the West, and the White Sea.
Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's
Lips, as a bee on the rose ; but the Scald was thinking of Brage,
Where, with his silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated
Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's
Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.
Midway the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned ever the fire-flame
Glad on its stone-built hearth ; and thorough the wide-mouthed smoke-flue
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall.
Round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order
Breastplate and helmet together, and here and there among them
Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots.
More than helmets and swords the shields in the hall were resplendent,
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk of silver.
Ever and anon went a maid round the board, and filled up the drink-horns,

Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the shield her reflection
Blushed, too, even as she; this gladdened the drinking champions.

II

A SLEDGE-RIDE ON THE ICE

King Ring with his queen to the banquet did fare,
On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

"Fare not o'er the ice," the stranger cries;
"It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies."

"The king drowns not easily," Ring outspake;
"He who 's afraid may go round the lake."

Threatening and dark looked the stranger round,
His steel shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

The sledge-horse starts forth strong and free;
He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

"Strike out," screamed the king, "my trotter good,
Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's blood."

They go as a storm goes over the lake,
No heed to his queen doth the old man take.

But the steel-shod champion standeth not still,
He passeth them by as swift as he will.

He carves many runes in the frozen tide,
Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth glide.

III

FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION

Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosened torrents downward, singing, to the ocean run;
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport:
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor, is assembled all the court;
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, scream the falcons for their prey.

See, the Queen of the chase advances!
Frithiof, gaze not at the sight!
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on
her palfrey white.
Half of Freya, half of Rota, yet more
beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave
aloft the feathers blue.

Gaze not at her eyes' blue heaven, gaze
not at her golden hair!
Oh beware! her waist is slender, full her
bosom is, beware!
Look not at the rose and lily on her cheek
that shifting play,
List not to the voice beloved, whispering
like the wind of May.

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hur-
rah! over hill and dale!
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward
to the hall of Odin sail.
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear
their cavern homes,
But, with spear outstretched before her,
after them the Valkyr comes.

. . . . . .

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and
upon the greensward spread,

And the ancient king so trustful laid on
Frithiof's knee his head,
Slept as calmly as the hero sleepeth, after
war's alarm,
On his shield, or as an infant sleeps upon
its mother's arm.

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-
black bird upon the bough;
"Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, end
your quarrel at a blow:
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once
the bridal kiss she gave,
Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and
silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-
white bird upon the bough:
"Though no human eye beholds thee,
Odin's eye beholds thee now.
Coward! wilt thou murder sleep, and a
defenceless old man slay!
Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not
win a hero's fame this way."

Thus the two wood-birds did warble:
Frithiof took his war-sword good,
With a shudder hurled it from him, far
into the gloomy wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand, but
on light, unfolded wings,

Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding
towards the sun, upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. "Sweet
has been my sleep," he said;
"Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow,
guarded by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger?
Lightning's brother, where is he?
Who thus parts you, who should never
from each other parted be!"

"It avails not," Frithiof answered; "in
the North are other swords:
Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue,
and it speaks not peaceful words;
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits
from the Niffelhem;
Slumber is not safe before them, silver
locks but anger them."

IV

FRITHIOF'S FAREWELL

No more shall I see
In its upward motion
The smoke of the Northland. Man is a
slave:
The fates decree.
On the waste of the ocean
There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

Go not to the strand,
Ring, with thy bride,
After the stars spread their light through the sky.
Perhaps in the sand,
Washed up by the tide,
The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie.

Then, quoth the king,
"'T is mournful to hear
A man like a whimpering maiden cry.
The death-song they sing
Even now in mine ear.
What avails it? He who is born must die."

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet

Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace ! with lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate ; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed,
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes,
While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.

Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden ; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,
Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already ; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.

Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,
So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly

Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
But with a cordial look to the right and the left hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
Then, when all was finished, the Teacher reëntered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.
But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,

Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens, —
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Springtide approaches,
Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,

So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar; — and straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,
This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor

Downward rains from the heaven ; — to-day
on the threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and
make your election,
For she knows naught of compulsion, and
only conviction desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-
point of existence,
Seed for the coming days ; without revo-
cation departeth
Now from your lips the confession. Bethink
ye, before ye make answer !
Think not, oh think not with guile to de-
ceive the questioning Teacher.
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever
rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the
multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear
upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness ;
the Judge everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and
angels in waiting beside him
Grave your confession in letters of fire
upon tablets eternal.
Thus, then, — believe ye in God, in the
Father who this world created ?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the
Spirit where both are united ?
Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !)
to cherish

God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,
Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?" — With a clear voice
Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-breathing
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher
Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!
Yet, — for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,
Ruling them all as his household, — forgiving in turn and chastising,
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.

Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for.
Oh, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward, and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
Oh, how soon will ye come, — too soon! — and long to turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!
Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal
Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,
Known them all again; — they were my childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,

Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend; oh do not reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.
Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward.
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowerets,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played
with the wingèd angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ;
and homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again ; and the
Spirit's longings are worship ;
Worship is called his most beautiful hour,
and its tongue is entreaty.
Ah ! when the infinite burden of life de-
scendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the
earth, in the graveyard,
Then it is good to pray unto God ; for his
sorrowing children
Turns He ne'er from his door, but He heals
and helps and consoles them.
Yet is it better to pray when all things are
prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most
beautiful Fortune
Kneels before the Eternal's throne ; and
with hands interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only giver
of blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing
that comes not from Heaven ?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that
it has not received ?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The
seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the
glory of Him who

Hung his masonry pendent on naught, when
the world He created.
Earth declareth his might, and the firma-
ment utters his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall
downward from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves ; at the
last stroke of midnight, millenniums
Lay themselves down at his feet, and He sees
them, but counts them as nothing.
Who shall stand in his presence ? The
wrath of the Judge is terrific,
Casting the insolent down at a glance.
When He speaks in his anger
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains
leap like the roebuck.
Yet, — why are ye afraid, ye children ?
This awful avenger,
Ah ! is a merciful God ! God's voice was
not in the earthquake,
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was
in the whispering breezes.
Love is the root of creation ; God's essence ;
worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children ; He made
them for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, He
breathed forth his spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright
standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm
with a flame out of heaven.

Quench, oh quench not that flame! It is
the breath of your being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not
father nor mother
Loved you, as God has loved you; for
't was that you may be happy
Gave He his only Son. When He bowed
down his head in the death-hour
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice
then was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of
the temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from
their sepulchres rising
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the
ears of each other
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to cre-
ation's enigma, — Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths,
for Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou
the merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not
from fear, but affection;
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart
that loveth is willing;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is
Love, and Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then
lovest thou likewise thy brethren;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one,
is Love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike
stamp on his forehead ?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin ?
Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and
is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee ? Why
shouldst thou hate then thy brother ?
Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 't is sweet
to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language ; — on earth it
is callèd Forgiveness !
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the
crown of thorns on his temples ?
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers ? Say, dost thou know Him ?
Ah ! thou confessest his name, so follow
likewise his example,
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a
veil over his failings,
Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the
heavenly shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it
back to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its
fruits that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God ;
but Love among mortals

Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
Hope, — so is called upon earth his recompense, — Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured,
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,
Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.
Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spontaneous
Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate Springtide.
Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed, — but what they were only. Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon earth until death's hand
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you ?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear, — see dimly his pinions,

Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him.
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing
Look I on God as He is, a sun unpolluted by vapors;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, He one day shall gather,
Never forgets He the weary; — then welcome, ye loved ones hereafter!
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not;
Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.
God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me,
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.
Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his

Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while thoughts high and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.
"On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard !
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the hour is accomplished.
Warm is the heart ; — I will ! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now ; what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement ?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.
Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions
Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the beginning
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the

Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the Fall ; in the Heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the fall, — the Atonement infinite likewise.
See ! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.
Sin is brought forth full-grown ; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms
Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the tones in the harp's strings,
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
Downward to earth He came and, transfigured, thence reascended,
Not from the heart in like wise, for there He still lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.

Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token.
Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,
Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,

"Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:
"O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!"
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.
Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.
But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harp-strings, and angels from gold clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces,
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

KING CHRISTIAN

(KONG CHRISTIAN STOD VED HØIEN MAST)

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke ;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed ;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
" Fly ! " shouted they, " fly, he who can !
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke ? "

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour !

He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

THE ELECTED KNIGHT

(Den Udkaarne Ridder)

Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,
But never, ah never can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside
A Knight full well equipped;
His steed was black, his helm was barred;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest;
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold ;
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down ;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he,
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three maidens thee bedight ;
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the Maidens' honor !"

The first tilt they together rode
They put their steeds to the test ;
The second tilt they together rode
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode
Neither of them would yield ;
The fourth tilt they together rode
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death ;
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

CHILDHOOD

(Da jeg var lille)

BY JENS IMMANUEL BAGGESEN

There was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height ;
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode a-horseback on best father's knee ;
Alike were sorrows, passions and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far ;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
And thought, "Oh, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow early rise,
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:
"O gentle God! oh, let me strive alway
Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister, and for all the town;
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—
God! may I never lose that too!

FROM THE GERMAN

THE HAPPIEST LAND

There sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,
And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there 's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

. . . . . .

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend, —
There lies the happiest land!"

THE WAVE

(Die Welle)

BY CHRISTOPH AUGUST TIEDGE

"Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE DEAD

BY ERNST STOCKMANN

How they so softly rest,
All they the holy ones,

Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

(Schiff und Vogel)

BY WILHELM MÜLLER

"The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high
We little birds in them play;
And everything, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or
whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?" —
"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide
sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all." —

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still, at
last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may know."

WHITHER?

(WOHIN?)

BY WILHELM MÜLLER

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE!

(Hüt du dich!)

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!

And what she says, it is not true,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care !
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care !
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

SONG OF THE BELL

Bell ! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie !
Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie !

Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh !

Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

(Das Schloss am Meere)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;

And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

THE BLACK KNIGHT

(Der Schwarze Ritter)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

'T was Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness,
Thus began the King and spake :
"So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly,
From balcony the King looked on ;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.
"Sir Knight ! your name and scutcheon, say !"
"Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;
I am a Prince of mighty sway !"

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock ;

At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
  Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls glances;
  Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
  Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
  Coldly clasped her limbs around;
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
  Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame;
  'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
  Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:
  "Golden wine will make you whole!"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:
  "Oh, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter ; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly ;
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

" Woe ! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;
Take me, too, the joyless father ! "
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast :
" Roses in the spring I gather ! "

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

(LIED : INS STILLE LAND)

BY JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS-SEEWIS

INTO the Silent Land !
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !
To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge
and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

(Das Glück von Edenhall)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord : " This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal ! "
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys ;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light :
" This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !

" 'T was right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Edenhall ! "

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale ;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

" For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;
It has lasted longer than is right ;
Kling ! klang ! — with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall ! "

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;

And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

(Der Junggesell)

BY GUSTAV PFIZER

A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
  Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
  A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream, — away!
  Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
  It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
  To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
  Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
  I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
  A youth so light and free.

Two locks — and they are wondrous fair —
  Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
  The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
  Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
  I wish that I were dead.

THE HEMLOCK TREE

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how
faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how
faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faith-
less is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!
O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faith-
less is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st
for thine example!
So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st
for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is
mirror of thy falsehood!
It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is
mirror of thy falsehood!

ANNIE OF THARAW

(Anke von Tharau)

BY SIMON DACH

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall, —

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known, —

Through forests I 'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

(Das Steinbild am Dome)

BY JULIUS MOSEN

Forms of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle, — wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind, —
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild ;
Oh, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him a child !

And my songs, — green leaves and blossoms, —
To the doors of heaven would bear,
Calling even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL

(Der Kreuzschnabel, No. 3)

BY JULIUS MOSEN

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :
"Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood !"

And that bird is called the crossbill ;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

BY HEINRICH HEINE

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars ;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven,
Yet greater is my heart ;
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven
Are melting away with love!

POETIC APHORISMS

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU

MONEY

WHEREUNTO is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a
poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter
no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbor honestly,
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these
creeds and doctrines three
Extant are ; but still the doubt is, where
Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART

A mill-stone and the human heart are
driven ever round ;
If they have nothing else to grind, they
must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth
and comfort it bespoke ;
But, alas ! it now is quenched, and only
bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT

Intelligence and courtesy not always are
combined ;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we
find.

RETRIBUTION

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet
they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
with exactness grinds he all.

TRUTH

When by night the frogs are croaking,
kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus
Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should
sound not well in strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it
happens so with theirs;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a
fatherland their own,
They will be most highly valued where they
are best and longest known.

SILENT LOVE

Who love would seek,
Let him love evermore
And seldom speak;
For in love's domain
Silence must reign;
Or it brings the heart
Smart
And pain.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD

(Selig sind, die in dem Herrn sterben)

BY SIMON DACH

Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended!
Who, through death, have unto God ascended!
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping;
No cross nor trial
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears for ever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavor.

To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah ! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness ?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish ?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us !
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us !
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS

(Wandrers Nachtlied and Ein Gleiches)

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

I

Thou that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending !
Why this rapture and unrest ?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast !

II

O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath ;
The birds are asleep in the trees :
Wait ; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

REMORSE

(Mut and Unmut)

BY AUGUST VON PLATEN

How I started up in the night, in the night,
Drawn on without rest or reprieval !
The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,
As I wandered so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed from the rocky height,
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning ;
Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,
As they glided so light
In the night, in the night,
Yet backward not one was returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,
The stars in melodious existence;
And with them the moon, more serenely bedight;
They sparkled so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed in the night, in the night,
And again on the waves in their fleeting;
Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,
Now silence thou light,
In the night, in the night,
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

FORSAKEN

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging,
And its frank eyes, with look intense,
Me from a world of sin are bringing
Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure forever ;
Strong may thy heart in danger be !
Thou shalt not fail ! but ah, be never
False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless,
And thou thy mother ne'er forsake,
Until her lips are white and breathless,
Until in death her eyes shall break.

ALLAH

BY SIEGFRIED AUGUST MAHLMANN

Allah gives light in darkness,
Allah gives rest in pain,
Cheeks that are white with weeping
Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither,
Years vanish with flying feet ;
But my heart will live on forever,
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling
Yonder would I take flight ;
There will the darkness vanish,
There will my eyes have sight.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

THE GRAVE

For thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;

There thou art fast detained
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee;
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO HEORT

Thus then, much care-worn,
The son of Healfden
Sorrowed evermore,
Nor might the prudent hero
His woes avert.
The war was too hard,
Too loath and longsome,
That on the people came,

Dire wrath and grim,
Of night-woes the worst.
This from home heard
Higelac's Thane,
Good among the Goths,
Grendel's deeds.
He was of mankind
In might the strongest,
At that day
Of this life,
Noble and stalwart.
He bade him a sea-ship,
A goodly one, prepare.
Quoth he, the war-king,
Over the swan's road,
Seek he would
The mighty monarch,
Since he wanted men.
For him that journey
His prudent fellows
Straight made ready,
Those that loved him.
They excited their souls,
The omen they beheld.
Had the good-man
Of the Gothic people
Champions chosen,
Of those that keenest
He might find,
Some fifteen men.
The sea-wood sought he.

The warrior showed,
Sea-crafty man!
The land-marks,
And first went forth.
The ship was on the waves,
Boat under the cliffs.
The barons ready
To the prow mounted.
The streams they whirled
The sea against the sands.
The chieftains bore
On the naked breast
Bright ornaments,
War-gear, Goth-like.
The men shoved off,
Men on their willing way,
The bounden wood.
Then went over the sea-waves,
Hurried by the wind,
The ship with foamy neck,
Most like a sea-fowl,
Till about one hour
Of the second day
The curved prow
Had passed onward
So that the sailors
The land saw,
The shore-cliffs shining,
Mountains steep,
And broad sea-noses.
Then was the sea-sailing
Of the Earl at an end.

Then up speedily
The Weather people
On the land went,
The sea-bark moored,
Their mail-sarks shook,
Their war-weeds.
God thanked they,
That to them the sea-journey
Easy had been.
Then from the wall beheld
The warden of the Scyldings,
He who the sea-cliffs
Had in his keeping,
Bear o'er the balks
The bright shields,
The war-weapons speedily.
Him the doubt disturbed
In his mind's thought,
What these men might be.
Went then to the shore,
On his steed riding,
The Thane of Hrothgar.
Before the host he shook
His warden's-staff in hand,
In measured words demanded:
"What men are ye
War-gear wearing,
Host in harness,
Who thus the brown keel
Over the water-street
Leading come

Hither over the sea ?
I these boundaries
As shore-warden hold,
That in the Land of the Danes
Nothing loathsome
With a ship-crew
Scathe us might. . . .
Ne'er saw I mightier
Earl upon earth
Than is your own,
Hero in harness.
Not seldom this warrior
Is in weapons distinguished ;
Never his beauty belies him,
His peerless countenance !
Now would I fain
Your origin know,
Ere ye forth
As false spies
Into the Land of the Danes
Farther fare.
Now, ye dwellers afar-off !
Ye sailors of the sea !
Listen to my
One-fold thought.
Quickest is best
To make known
Whence your coming may be.'

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

Much it behoveth
Each one of mortals,
That he his soul's journey
In himself ponder,
How deep it may be.
When Death cometh,
The bonds he breaketh
By which were united
The soul and the body.

Long it is thenceforth
Ere the soul taketh
From God himself
Its woe or its weal ;
As in the world erst,
Even in its earth-vessel,
It wrought before.

The soul shall come
Wailing with loud voice,
After a sennight,
The soul, to find
The body
That it erst dwelt in ; —
Three hundred winters,

Unless ere that worketh
The Eternal Lord,
The Almighty God,
The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,
And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust:
"Dry dust! thou dreary one!
How little didst thou labor for me!
In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam!
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth."

FROM THE FRENCH

SONG

FROM THE PARADISE OF LOVE

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
But if to these longing arms
Pitying Love would yield the charms

Of the fair
With smiling air,
Blithe would beat my heart again.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
Love may force me still to bear,
While he lists, consuming care;
But in anguish
Though I languish,
Faithful shall my heart remain.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
Then cease, Love, to torment me so;
But rather than all thoughts forego
Of the fair
With flaxen hair,
Give me back her frowns again.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!

SONG

And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?
Say, dost thou bear his fate severe

To Love's poor martyr doomed to die?
Come, tell me quickly, — do not lie;
What secret message bring'st thou here?
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?
May Heaven conduct thee to thy will,
And safely speed thee on thy way;
This only I would humbly pray, —
Pierce deep, — but oh! forbear to kill.
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?

THE RETURN OF SPRING

(Renouveau)

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

SPRING

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

Gentle Spring ! in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display !
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain ;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow ;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low ;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud ;
But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh ;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,

And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP

(VERSLETS À MON PREMIER NÉ)

BY CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'T is sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy ! I tremble with affright !
Awake, and chase this fatal thought ! Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light !
Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

Sweet error ! he but slept, I breathe again ;
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile !
Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile ?

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN

FROM THE CHANSON DE ROLAND

The Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free ;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,

And a faint shudder through his members ran.
Upon the battle-field his knee was bent;
Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went,
Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And tore the shining hauberk from his breast.
Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
"Rest, Sire," he cried,— "for rest thy suffering needs."
The priest replied, "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!
But death steals on, — there is no hope of life;
In paradise, where Almoners live again,
There are our couches spread, there shall we rest from pain."

Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why lingers death to lay me in my grave!
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee, and left thee weak and poor!"

Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came
o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
"My gentle friend! — what parting full of
woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see; —
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!
Christ, who did save from realms of woe
beneath,
The Hebrew Prophets from the second
death."
Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly
lore; —
No heart had he to smile, but, weeping
sore,
He blessed them in God's name, with faith
that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad
eternity.

The Archbishop, then, on whom God's
benison rest,
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his
breast; —
His mouth was full of dust and clotted
gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage bore.
Slow beats his heart, his panting bosom
heaves,

Death comes apace, — no hope of cure relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed
That God, who for our sins was mortal made,
Born of the Virgin, scorned and crucified,
In paradise would place him by his side.

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison ; —
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion ;
God grant to him his holy benison.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL CUILLÈ

BY JACQUES JASMIN

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
Rehearse this little tragedy aright ;
Let me attempt it with an English quill ;
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

I

At the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castèl Cuillè,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
In the plain below were growing white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of St. Joseph's Eve :

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind heaven had sent
For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep,
They wind aslant
Towards Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies,
Singing their chant:

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
A band of maidens
Gayly frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking!
Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest
Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,
Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest;
While the bride, with roguish eyes,
Sporting with them, now escapes and cries:
"Those who catch me
Married verily
This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste,
And all attain what they pursue,
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
And yet the bride is fair and young!
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?
Oh no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow!
What lovers! they give not a single caress!
To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would say.
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, half-way up the hill,
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,

Was the village pride and splendor,
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensnared ;
For them the altar was prepared ;
But alas ! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.
All at the father's stern command was changed ;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.
Wearied at home, erelong the lover fled ;
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !
Here comes the cripple Jane !" And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.

She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view;
Changing color, as well he might,
When the beldame wrinkled and gray
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand
Making the sign of the cross, doth say: —
"Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"
And she was silent; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
What are two drops of turbid rain?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train

Resumed the dance and song again ;
The bridegroom only was pale with fear ; —
And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain : —

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !

II

And by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary : —

"He has arrived ! arrived at last !
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past ;
Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !
And knows that of my night he is the star !
Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he went away !
Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !

What joy have I without thee? what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me
Forever night! forever night!
When he is gone 't is dark! my soul is sad!
I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes!
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
A heaven all happiness, like that above,
No more of grief! no more of lassitude!
Earth I forget, — and heaven, and all distresses,
When seated by my side my hand he presses;
But when alone, remember all!
Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
I need some bough to twine around!
In pity come! be to my suffering kind!
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound!
What then — when one is blind?

"Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!
O God! what thoughts within me waken!
Away! he will return! I do but rave!
He will return! I need not fear!
He swore it by our Saviour dear;
He could not come at his own will;
Is weary, or perhaps is ill!
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
Prepares for me some sweet surprise!
But some one comes! Though blind, my heart can see!
And that deceives me not! 'tis he! 'tis he!"
And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Margaret
Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes;
'T is only Paul, her brother, who thus cries: —
"Angela the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding guests go by;
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked?
For all are there but you and I!"

"Angela married! and not sent
To tell her secret unto me!

Oh, speak! who may the bridegroom be?"
"My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother speaks,
Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
Suspends awhile its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.
At length, the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?
How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the rest!
I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed

Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"

"I know it!" answered Margaret;
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
Mastered again; and its hand of ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!

"Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!
But leave me now for awhile alone."
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!
But thou art cold, — art chill as death;
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"
"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come erelong,
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?

It must seem long to him ; — methinks I see
him now ! "
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press :
" Thy love I cannot all approve ;
We must not trust too much to happi-
ness ; —
Go, pray to God, that thou mayest love him
less ! "
" The more I pray, the more I love !
It is no sin, for God is on my side ! "
It was enough ; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and
cold ;
But to deceive the beldame old
She takes a sweet, contented air ;
Speak of foul weather or of fair,
At every word the maiden smiles !
Thus the beguiler she beguiles ;
So that, departing at the evening's close,
She says, " She may be saved ! she
nothing knows ! "

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress !
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no pro-
phetess !
This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,
Thou wast so, far beyond thine art !

III

Now rings the bell, nine times reverber-
ating,

And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
The one puts on her cross and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.
The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;
But in their stead for something gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.
Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high degree,
A little chapel, almost bare
At the base of the rock, is builded there;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
And its blackened steeple high in air,
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"
"Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?
Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?

The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!
Dost thou remember when our father said,
The night we watched beside his bed,
'O daughter, I am weak and low;
Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!'
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;
And here they brought our father in his shroud.
There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;
Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?
Come in! the bride will be here soon:
Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"

She could no more, — the blind girl, weak and weary!
A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
"What wouldst thou do, my daughter?" — and she started,
And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;
But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
Her steps towards the open door;
And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid

Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
Touches the crown of filigrane
Suspended from the low-arched portal,
No more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;
And yet the guests delay not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;
To be a bride is all! the pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
"How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the Mass is said ;
At the holy table stands the priest ;
The wedding ring is blessed ; Baptiste receives it ;
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least !
'T is spoken ; and sudden at the groomsman's side
" 'T is he ! " a well-known voice has cried.
And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see !
"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,
As holy water be my blood for thee ! "
And calmly in the air a knife suspended !
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
For anguish did its work so well,
That, ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The De Profundis filled the air ;
Decked with flowers a simple hearse
To the churchyard forth they bear ;
Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go ;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah no ! for each one seemed to say : —

The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,
So fair a corpse shall leave its home!
Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away!
So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM THE NOEI BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BAROZAI

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet ;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings ;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

CONSOLATION

TO M. DUPERRIER, GENTLEMAN OF AIX IN PROVENCE, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER

BY FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

Will then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be eternal?
And shall the sad discourse
Whispered within thy heart, by tenderness paternal,
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the tomb descending
By death's frequented ways,
Has it become to thee a labyrinth never ending,
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her youth a benediction:
Nor should I be content,
As a censorious friend, to solace thine affliction
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest things exposes
To fates the most forlorn ;
A rose, she too hath lived as long as live the roses,
The space of one brief morn.

. . . . . .

Death has his rigorous laws, unparalleled, unfeeling ;
All prayers to him are vain ;
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to our appealing,
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only thatch for cover,
Unto these laws must bend ;
The sentinel that guards the barriers of the Louvre
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant defiance,
Is never for the best ;
To will what God doth will, that is the only science
That gives us any rest.

TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU

BY FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

Thou mighty Prince of Church and State,
Richelieu ! until the hour of death,
Whatever road man chooses, Fate
Still holds him subject to her breath.
Spun of all silks, our days and nights
Have sorrows woven with delights ;
And of this intermingled shade
Our various destiny appears,
Even as one sees the course of years
Of summers and of winters made.

Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave ;
Sometimes impending peril lowers
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,
That gives to human destinies
Their foreordained necessity,
Has made no law more fixed below,
Than the alternate ebb and flow
Of Fortune and Adversity.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD

(L'Ange et l'Enfant; Élégie à une Mère)

BY JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER OF NISMES

An angel with a radiant face,
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"
It whispered, "come, oh come with me!
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah no! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me;
And Providence will grant thee grace
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower,
In sombre vestments draped and veiled;
But let them welcome thy last hour,
As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow;
There let the grave no shadow cast;
When one is pure as thou art now,
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words, had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light! —
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!

ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES

BY JOSEPH MÉRY

From this high portal, where upsprings
The rose to touch our hands in play,
We at a glance behold three things, —
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

And the Sea says : My shipwrecks fear ;
I drown my best friends in the deep ;
And those who braved my tempests, here
Among my sea-weeds lie asleep !

The Town says : I am filled and fraught
With tumult and with smoke and care ;
My days with toil are overwrought,
And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says : My wheel-tracks guide
To the pale climates of the North ;
Where my last milestone stands abide
The people to their death gone forth.

Here in the shade this life of ours,
Full of delicious air, glides by
Amid a multitude of flowers
As countless as the stars on high ;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful soil,
Bathed with an azure all divine,
Where springs the tree that gives us oil,
The grape that giveth us the wine ;

Beneath these mountains stripped of trees,
Whose tops with flowers are covered o'er,
Where springtime of the Hesperides
Begins, but endeth nevermore ;

Under these leafy vaults and walls,
That unto gentle sleep persuade ;
This rainbow of the waterfalls,
Of mingled mist and sunshine made ;

Upon these shores, where all invites,
We live our languid life apart ;
This air is that of life's delights,
The festival of sense and heart ;

This limpid space of time prolong,
Forget to-morrow in to-day,
And leave unto the passing throng
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

TO MY BROOKLET

(À mon Ruisseau)

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DUCIS

Thou brooklet, all unknown to song,
Hid in the covert of the wood !
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,
Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past
Lie all forgotten in their graves,
Till in my thoughts remain at last
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy waves.

The lily by thy margin waits ;—
  The nightingale, the marguerite ;
In shadow here he meditates
  His nest, his love, his music sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul
  Knows naught of error or of crime ;
Thy waters, murmuring as they roll,
  Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eves,
  Pursuing still thy course, shall I
List the soft shudder of the leaves,
  And hear the lapwing's plaintive cry ?

BARRÉGES

BY LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain chains,
  Dwelling of warriors stark and frore !
  You, may these eyes behold no more,
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views !
  Ye rocks that mount up to the clouds !
  Of skies, enwrapped in misty shrouds,
Impracticable avenues !

Ye torrents, that with might and main
  Break pathways through the roeky walls,

With your terrific waterfalls
Fatigue no more my weary brain!

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms,
Arise, ye pictures of delight!
Ye brooks, that water in your flight
The flowers and harvests of our farms!

You I perceive, ye meadows green,
Where the Garonne the lowland fills,
Not far from that long chain of hills,
With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts so high,
Methinks from my own hearth must come;
With speed, to that beloved home,
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly!

And bear me thither, where the soul
In quiet may itself possess,
Where all things soothe the mind's distress,
Where all things teach me and console.

WILL EVER THE DEAR DAYS COME BACK AGAIN?

Will ever the dear days come back again,
Those days of June, when lilacs were in bloom,

And bluebirds sang their sonnets in the gloom
Of leaves that roofed them in from sun or rain ?
I know not ; but a presence will remain
Forever and forever in this room,
Formless, diffused in air ; like a perfume, —
A phantom of the heart, and not the brain.
Delicious days ! when every spoken word
Was like a footfall nearer and more near,
And a mysterious knocking at the gate
Of the heart's secret places, and we heard
In the sweet tumult of delight and fear
A voice that whispered, " Open, I cannot wait ! "

AT LA CHAUDEAU

BY XAVIER MARMIER

At La Chaudeau, — 't is long since then :
I was young, — my years twice ten ;
All things smiled on the happy boy,
Dreams of love and songs of joy,
Azure of heaven and wave below,
At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back old :
My head is gray, my blood is cold ;
Seeking along the meadow ooze,

Seeking beside the river Seymouse,
The days of my spring-time of long ago
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor brain
Ever grows old with grief and pain ;
A sweet remembrance keeps off age ;
A tender friendship doth still assuage
The burden of sorrow that one may know
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed
To limit the wandering life I lead,
Peradventure I still, forsooth,
Should have preserved my fresh green youth
Under the shadows the hill-tops throw
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends,
Happy to be where God intends ;
And sometimes, by the evening fire,
Think of him whose sole desire
Is again to sit in the old château
At La Chaudeau.

A QUIET LIFE

Let him who will, by force or fraud innate,
Of courtly grandeurs gain the slippery height ;

I, leaving not the home of my delight,
Far from the world and noise will meditate.
Then, without pomps or perils of the great,
I shall behold the day succeed the night;
Behold the alternate seasons take their flight,
And in serene repose old age await.
And so, whenever Death shall come to close
The happy moments that my days compose,
I, full of years, shall die, obscure, alone!
How wretched is the man, with honors crowned,
Who, having not the one thing needful found,
Dies, known to all, but to himself unknown.

THE WINE OF JURANÇON

BY CHARLES CORAN

Little sweet wine of Jurançon,
You are dear to my memory still!
With mine host and his merry song,
Under the rose-tree I drank my fill.

Twenty years after, passing that way,
Under the trellis I found again
Mine host, still sitting there *au frais*,
And singing still the same refrain.

The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,
Treats me as one it used to know ;
Souvenirs of the days of old
Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances met ;
We pledge, we drink. How sour it is !
Never Argenteuil piquette
Was to my palate sour as this !

And yet the vintage was good, in sooth ;
The self-same juice, the self-same cask !
It was you, O gayety of my youth,
That failed in the autumnal flask !

FRIAR LUBIN

(Le Frère Lubin)

BY CLEMENT MAROT

To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell ;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced, —
Friar Lubin will do it well.

But a sober life to lead,
To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That 's a pious, Christian deed, —
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 't is yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it ;
For as to giving back again,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none, —
Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it ;
Your dog may drink it, — but not he ;
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOY

When an evil deed 's to do
Friar Lubin is stout and true ;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

RONDEL

BY JEAN FROISSART

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine ?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee !
I do not know thee, — nor what deeds are thine :
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine ?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee !

Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers combine ?
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me :
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine ?
Naught see I permanent or sure in thee !

MY SECRET

BY FÉLIX ARVERS

My soul its secret has, my life too has its mystery,
A love eternal in a moment's space conceived ;
Hopeless the evil is, I have not told its history,

And she who was the cause nor knew it nor
believed.
Alas ! I shall have passed close by her un-
perceived,
Forever at her side, and yet forever lonely,
I shall unto the end have made life's jour-
ney, only
Daring to ask for naught, and having
naught received.
For her, though God has made her gentle
and endearing,
She will go on her way distraught and
without hearing
These murmurings of love that round her
steps ascend,
Piously faithful still unto her austere duty,
Will say, when she shall read these lines
full of her beauty,
"Who can this woman be?" and will not
comprehend.

FROM THE ITALIAN

THE CELESTIAL PILOT

PURGATORIO II. 13–51.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of
morning,
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows
fiery red

Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me, — may I again behold it!
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.
And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.
My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores!
See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,

Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"
And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,
But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot!
Beatitude seemed written in his face!
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
"*In exitu Israel de Ægypto!*"
Thus sang they all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE

PURGATORIO XXVIII. 1–33.

Longing already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,

Which tempered to the eyes the new-
born day,
Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed
fragrance.
A gently-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the fore-
head
No heavier blow than of a pleasant breeze,
Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward towards
that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy
Mountain ;
Yet not from their upright direction bent
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tune-
ful art ;
But, with full-throated joy, the hours of
prime
Singing received they in the midst of
foliage
That made monotonous burden to their
rhymes,
Even as from branch to branch it gather-
ing swells,
Through the pine forests on the shore of
Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.
Already my slow steps had led me on

Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I had entered.
And lo! my further course cut off a river,
Which, tow'rds the left hand, with its little waves,
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.
All waters that on earth most limpid are,
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

BEATRICE

PURGATORIO XXX. 13–33, 85–99, XXXI. 13–21.

Even as the Blessed, at the final summons,
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,
Wearing again the garments of the flesh,
So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui venis,*"
And scattering flowers above and round about,
"*Manibus o date lilia plenis.*"
Oft have I seen, at the approach of day,
The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
And the other heaven with light serene adorned,
And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,
So that, by temperate influence of vapors,
The eye sustained his aspect for long while;
Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
And down descended inside and without,
With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,
Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,
Vested in colors of the living flame.

. . . . . .

Even as the snow, among the living rafters
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through itself,
Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,
Like as a taper melts before a fire,
Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
Before the song of those who chime forever
After the chiming of the eternal spheres;
But, when I heard in those sweet melodies
Compassion for me, more than had they said,
"Oh wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"
The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

. . . . . .

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,
To understand it one had need of sight.
Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is discharged,

Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark ;
So I gave way beneath this heavy burden,
Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,
And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

TO ITALY

BY VINCENZO DA FILICAJA

Italy ! Italy ! thou who 'rt doomed to wear
The fatal gift of beauty, and possess
The dower funest of infinite wretchedness
Written upon thy forehead by despair ;
Ah ! would that thou wert stronger, or less fair,
That they might fear thee more, or love thee less,
Who in the splendor of thy loveliness
Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare !
Then from the Alps I should not see descending

Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde
Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,
Nor should I see thee girded with a sword
Not thine, and with the stranger's arm contending,
Victor or vanquished, slave forevermore.

SEVEN SONNETS AND A CANZONE

BY MICHAEL ANGELO

I

THE ARTIST

NOTHING the greatest artist can conceive
That every marble block doth not confine
Within itself ; and only its design
The hand that follows intellect can achieve.
The ill I flee, the good that I believe,
In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine,
Thus hidden lie ; and so that death be mine,
Art, of desired success, doth me bereave.
Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face,

Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great disdain,
Of my disgrace, nor chance nor destiny,
If in thy heart both death and love find
place
At the same time, and if my humble
brain,
Burning, can nothing draw but death
from thee.

II

FIRE

Not without fire can any workman mould
The iron to his preconceived design,
Nor can the artist without fire refine
And purify from all its dross the gold ;
Nor can revive the phœnix, we are told,
Except by fire. Hence, if such death be
mine,
I hope to rise again with the divine,
Whom death augments, and time cannot
make old.
O sweet, sweet death ! O fortunate fire
that burns
Within me still to renovate my days,
Though I am almost numbered with the
dead !
If by its nature unto heaven returns
This element, me, kindled in its blaze,
Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

III

YOUTH AND AGE

Oh give me back the days when loose and free
To my blind passion were the curb and rein,
Oh give me back the angelic face again,
With which all virtue buried seems to be!
Oh give my panting footsteps back to me,
That are in age so slow and fraught with pain,
And fire and moisture in the heart and brain,
If thou wouldst have me burn and weep for thee!
If it be true thou livest alone, Amor,
On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts,
In an old man thou canst not wake desire;
Souls that have almost reached the other shore
Of a diviner love should feel the darts,
And be as tinder to a holier fire.

IV

OLD AGE

The course of my long life hath reached at last,
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,

The common harbor, where must rendered be
Account of all the actions of the past.
The impassioned phantasy, that, vague and vast,
Made art an idol and a king to me,
Was an illusion, and but vanity
Were the desires that lured me and harassed.
The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,
What are they now, when two deaths may be mine, —
One sure, and one forecasting its alarms?
Painting and sculpture satisfy no more
The soul now turning to the Love Divine,
That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its arms.

V

TO VITTORIA COLONNA

Lady, how can it chance — yet this we see
In long experience — that will longer last
A living image carved from quarries vast
Than its own maker, who dies presently?

Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,
And even Nature is by Art surpassed ;
This know I, who to Art have given the past,
But see that Time is breaking faith with me.
Perhaps on both of us long life can I
Either in color or in stone bestow,
By now portraying each in look and mien ;
So that a thousand years after we die,
How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe,
And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

VI

TO VITTORIA COLONNA

When the prime mover of my many sighs
Heaven took through death from out her earthly place,
Nature, that never made so fair a face,
Remained ashamed, and tears were in all eyes.
O fate, unheeding my impassioned cries !
O hopes fallacious ! O thou spirit of grace,
Where art thou now ? Earth holds in its embrace
Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts the skies.

Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay
The rumor of thy virtuous renown,
That Lethe's waters could not wash away!
A thousand leaves, since he hath stricken thee down,
Speak of thee, nor to thee could Heaven convey,
Except through death, a refuge and a crown.

VII

DANTE

What should be said of him cannot be said;
By too great splendor is his name attended;
To blame is easier those who him offended,
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.
This man descended to the doomed and dead
For our instruction; then to God ascended;
Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,
Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.
Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice
Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well

That the most perfect most of grief shall see.
Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,
That as his exile hath no parallel,
Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

VIII

CANZONE

Ah me! ah me! when thinking of the years,
The vanished years, alas, I do not find
Among them all one day that was my own!
Fallacious hopes, desires of the unknown,
Lamenting, loving, burning, and in tears,
(For human passions all have stirred my mind,)
Have held me, now I feel and know, confined
Both from the true and good still far away.
I perish day by day;
The sunshine fails, the shadows grow more dreary,
And I am near to fall, infirm and weary.

THE NATURE OF LOVE

BY GUIDO GUINIZELLI

To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly,
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade ;
Love was not felt till noble heart beat high,
Nor before love the noble heart was made.
Soon as the sun's broad flame
Was formed, so soon the clear light filled the air ;
Yet was not till he came :
So love springs up in noble breasts, and there
Has its appointed space,
As heat in the bright flames finds its allotted place.
Kindles in noble heart the fire of love,
As hidden virtue in the precious stone :
This virtue comes not from the stars above,
Till round it the ennobling sun has shone ;
But when his powerful blaze
Has drawn forth what was vile, the stars impart
Strange virtue in their rays ;
And thus when Nature doth create the heart
Noble and pure and high,
Like virtue from the star, love comes from woman's eye.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

SONG

BY GIL VICENTE

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake, and open thy door.
'T is the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet:
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

FROM EASTERN SOURCES

THE FUGITIVE

A TARTAR SONG

I

"He is gone to the desert land!
I can see the shining mane
Of his horse on the distant plain,
As he rides with his Kossak band!

"Come back, rebellious one!
Let thy proud heart relent;
Come back to my tall, white tent,
Come back, my only son!

"Thy hand in freedom shall
Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will give thee leave to stray
And pasture thy hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"I will give thee my coat of mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid;
Will not all this prevail?"

II

"This hand no longer shall
Cast my hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will no longer stray
And pasture my hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"Though thou give me thy coat of mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid,
All this cannot prevail.

"What right hast thou, O Khan,
To me, who am mine own,
Who am slave to God alone,
And not to any man?

"God will appoint the day
When I again shall be
By the blue, shallow sea,
Where the steel-bright sturgeons play.

"God, who doth care for me,
In the barren wilderness,
On unknown hills, no less
Will my companion be.

"When I wander lonely and lost
In the wind; when I watch at night
Like a hungry wolf, and am white
And covered with hoar-frost;

"Yea, wheresoever I be,
In the yellow desert sands,
In mountains or unknown lands,
Allah will care for me!"

III

Then Sobra, the old, old man, —
Three hundred and sixty years
Had he lived in this land of tears, —
Bowed down and said, "O Khan!

"If you bid me, I will speak.
There 's no sap in dry grass,
No marrow in dry bones! Alas,
The mind of old men is weak!

"I am old, I am very old:
I have seen the primeval man,
I have seen the great Genghis Khan,
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

"What I say to you is the truth;
And I say to you, O Khan,
Pursue not the star-white man,
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

"Him the Almighty made,
And brought him forth of the light
At the verge and end of the night,
When men on the mountain prayed.

"He was born at the break of day,
When abroad the angels walk;
He hath listened to their talk,
And he knoweth what they say.

"Gifted with Allah's grace,
Like the moon of Ramazan
When it shines in the skies, O Khan,
Is the light of his beautiful face.

"When first on earth he trod,
The first words that he said
Were these, as he stood and prayed,
'There is no God but God!'

"And he shall be king of men,
For Allah hath heard his prayer,
And the Archangel in the air,
Gabriel, hath said, Amen!"

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN

Black are the moors before Kazan,
And their stagnant waters smell of blood:
I said in my heart, with horse and man,
I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,
Like new moons were the shoes he bare,
Silken trappings hung on his back,
In a talisman on his neck, a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following me;
But when I looked behind, alas!

Not one of all the band could I see,
All had sunk in the black morass!

Where are our shallow fords? and where
The power of Kazan with its fourfold gates?
From the prison windows our maidens fair
Talk of us still through the iron grates.

We cannot hear them; for horse and man
Lie buried deep in the dark abyss!
Ah! the black day hath come down on Kazan!
Ah! was ever a grief like this?

THE BOY AND THE BROOK

Down from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes, washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I come from yon mountain high and cold
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,
And whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

TO THE STORK

Welcome, O Stork! that dost wing
Thy flight from the far-away!
Thou hast brought us the signs of Spring,
Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend
Upon our roof to rest;
In our ash-tree, O my friend,
My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain,
O Stork, to thee I impart
The thousand sorrows, the pain
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,
Away from this tree of ours,
The withering winds did blow,
And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,
Cloudy and dark and drear;
They were breaking the snow on high,
And winter was drawing near.

From Varaca's rocky wall,
From the rock of Varaca unrolled,
The snow came and covered all,
And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow
Was hidden away and lost,
And the rose-trees that in it grow
Were withered by snow and frost.

FROM THE LATIN

VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE

MELIBŒUS.

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech tree reclining
Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands.
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,
We our country fly ; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure created,
For he will be unto me a god forever ; his altar
Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds.
He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest,
On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

MELIBŒUS.

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather ; on all sides

In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving,
Heartsick, further away; this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I;
For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,
Hope of the flock, ah me! on the naked flint she hath left them.
Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,
Oak trees stricken by heaven predicted, as now I remember;
Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted.
Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined,
Foolish I! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds
Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring.
Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers,
Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed.
But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted
As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

MELIBŒUS.

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome
hath possessed thee?

TITYRUS.

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon
me in my inertness,
After the time when my beard fell whiter
from me in shaving,
Yet she looked upon me, and came to me
after a long while,
Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath
left me.
For I will even confess that while Galatea
possessed me
Neither care of my flock nor hope of
liberty was there.
Though from my wattled folds there went
forth many a victim,
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for
the city ungrateful,
Never did my right hand return home
heavy with money.

MELIBŒUS.

I have wondered why sad thou invokedst
the gods, Amaryllis,
And for whom thou didst suffer the apples
to hang on the branches!
Tityrus hence was absent! Thee, Tityrus,
even the pine trees,

Thee the very fountains, the very copses were calling.

TITYRUS.

What could I do? No power had I to escape from my bondage,
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognize gods so propitious.
Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibœus,
During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars.
Here first gave he response to me soliciting favor:
"Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks."

MELIBŒUS.

Fortunate old man! So then thy fields will be left thee,
And large enough for thee, though naked stone and the marish
All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.
No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger,
Nor of the neighboring flock the dire contagion infect them.
Fortunate old man! Here among familiar rivers,
And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness.

On this side, a hedge along the neighboring
cross-road,
Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the
flower of the willow,
Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep
shall persuade thee.
Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner
shall sing to the breezes,
Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight,
the hoarse wood-pigeons,
Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from
aerial elm trees.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed
in the ether,
And the billows leave the fishes bare on the
sea-shore,
Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed,
shall the exiled
Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German
drink of the Tigris,
Than the face of him shall glide away from
my bosom!

MELIBŒUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty
Africs,
Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan
Oaxes,
And to the Britons from all the universe
utterly sundered

Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the
bounds of my country
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered
with greensward
Seeing, with wonder behold, — my king-
doms, a handful of wheat-ears!
Shall an impious soldier possess these lands
newly cultured,
And these fields of corn a barbarian? Lo,
whither discord
Us wretched people hath brought! for
whom our fields we have planted!
Graft, Melibœus, thy pear trees, now, put in
order thy vineyards.
Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy
aforetime.
Never again henceforth outstretched in my
verdurous cavern
Shall I behold you afar from the bushy
precipice hanging.
Songs no more shall I sing; not with me,
ye goats, as your shepherd,
Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or
blooming laburnum.

TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me
canst thou rest thee
Here on the verdant leaves; for us there
are mellowing apples,
Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted
cream in abundance;

And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance,
And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.

OVID IN EXILE

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE

TRISTIA, BOOK III., ELEGY X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,
And, without me, my name still in the city survive ;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean
I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getæ ;
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine !

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us :
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect,
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost;

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus,
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it;
Boreas hardens it still, makes it forever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away, another succeeds it.
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the North-wind awakened, it levels
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the weather,
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen.

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle,

And their whitened beards shine with
the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the
form of the vessels ;
No more draughts of wine, — pieces pre-
sented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers
are frozen and solid,
And from out of the lake frangible water
is dug ?

Ister, — no narrower stream than the river
that bears the papyrus, —
Which through its many mouths mingles
its waves with the deep ;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its
cerulean waters,
Under a roof of ice winding its way to
the sea.

There where ships have sailed, men go on
foot ; and the billows,
Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of
horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding
beneath them,

The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed; yet when naught is gained by a falsehood,
Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted,
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

'T is not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean;
Dry shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander!
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.

Nor can the curvèd dolphins uplift themselves from the water;
All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents;

And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion,
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble,
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.

Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering,
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the refluent stream, —

Straightway, — the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind, —
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed ;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,
All the neighboring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions,
Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become ;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country,

And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them,
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbèd arrows, in agony perish.
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending;
None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not,
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves,
No fermenting must fills and o'erflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies ; nor would
Acontius have found here
Aught upon which to write words for his
mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or
trees we behold here, —
Places, alas ! unto which no happy man
would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so
wide upon all sides,
Has this region been found only my
prison to be ?

TRISTIA, BOOK III., ELEGY XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the
year being ended,
Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever
before ;

And the Ram that bore unsafely the bur-
den of Helle,
Now makes the hours of the day equal
with those of the night.

Now the boys and the laughing girls the
violet gather,
Which the fields bring forth, nobody
sowing the seed.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colors,
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes ;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,
Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head.

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine !

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree !

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses ; with light arms now they are playing,

Now with the ball, and now round rolls
the swift-flying hoop :

Now, when the young athlete with flowing
oil is anointed,
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, over-
wearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage ; and applause, with
voices at variance, thunders,
And the Theatres three for the three
Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without
number is happy,
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, en-
joys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sun-
shine dissolving,
And the waters no more delved from the
indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before
o'er the Ister
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his
stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels al-
ready are steering,
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels
will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,
Who he may be, I shall ask ; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,
And incautious unless ploughing the neighboring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes,
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbors devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propontic,
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar,

Which he has heard of, and vows paid
to the Latian Jove ;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania,
thou, the rebellious,
Under the feet, at last, of the Great
Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not
to have seen will afflict me,
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as
guest shall he be.

Woe is me ! Is the house of Ovid in Scy-
thian lands now ?
And doth punishment now give me its
place for a home ?

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not
my house and my homestead,
But decree it to be only the inn of my
pain.

APPENDIX

I. JUVENILE POEMS

When Mr. Longfellow made his first collection of poems in *Voices of the Night*, he included a group of *Earlier Poems*, but printed only seven out of a number which bore his initials or are directly traceable to him. He chose these, doubtless, not as specimens of his youthful work, but because, of all that he had written ten years or more before, they only appeared to him to have poetic qualities which he could regard with any complacency. It is not likely that any readers will be found to contravene his judgment in the omission of the other verses, but since this edition is intended for the student as well as for the general reader, it has been thought best to print here those poetical exercises which curious investigators have recovered from the obscurity in which Mr. Longfellow was entirely willing to leave them. They are printed in as nearly chronological order as may be.

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and
drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er,
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

HENRY.

TO IANTHE

WHEN upon the western cloud
Hang day's fading roses,
When the linnet sings aloud
And the twilight closes, —
As I mark the moss-grown spring
By the twisted holly,
Pensive thoughts of thee shall bring
Love's own melancholy.

Lo, the crescent moon on high
Lights the half-choked fountain;
Wandering winds steal sadly by
From the hazy mountain.
Yet that moon shall wax and wane,
Summer winds pass over, —
Ne'er the heart shall love again
Of the slighted lover!

When the russet autumn brings
Blighting to the forest,
Twisted close the ivy clings
To the oak that 's hoarest;

So the love of other days
Cheers the broken-hearted;
But if once our love decays
'T is for aye departed.

When the hoar-frost nips the leaf,
Pale and sear it lingers,
Wasted in its beauty brief
By decay's cold fingers;
Yet unchanged it ne'er again
Shall its bloom recover; —
Thus the heart shall aye remain
Of the slighted lover.

Love is like the songs we hear
O'er the moonlit ocean;
Youth, the spring-time of a year
Passed in Love's devotion!
Roses of their bloom bereft
Breathe a fragrance sweeter;
Beauty has no fragrance left
Though its bloom is fleeter.

Then when tranquil evening throws
Twilight shades above thee,
And when early morning glows, —
Think on those that love thee!
For an interval of years
We ere long must sever,
But the hearts that love endears
Shall be parted never.

THANKSGIVING

When first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue
The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,
To sacred hymnings and elysian song
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord:
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,

And prayer and thanks to Him, the Eternal One,
To Him, that with bright inspiration touched
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,
And warmed the soul with new vitality.
A stirring energy through Nature breathed:
The voice of adoration from her broke,
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard
Long in the sullen waterfall, what time
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth
Its bloom or blighting; when the summer smiled;
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.
The Deity was there; a nameless spirit
Moved in the breasts of men to do him homage;
And when the morning smiled, or evening pale
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,
They came beneath the broad, o'erarching trees,
And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,
Where pale the vine clung round their simple altars,
And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees
Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty;
And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,
The bright and widely wandering rivulet
Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots
That choked its reedy fountain, and dark rocks
Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there
The listless wave, that stole with mellow voice
Where reeds grew rank on the rushy-fringed brink,
And the green sedge bent to the wandering wind,
Sang with a cheerful song of sweet tranquillity.
Men felt the heavenly influence; and it stole
Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace:
And even the air they breathed, the light they saw,
Became religion; for the ethereal spirit
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,
And mellows everything to beauty, moved
With cheering energy within their breasts
And made all holy there, for all was love.
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together;
The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky;
Dayspring and eventide; and all the fair

And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice
Of eloquent worship. Ocean, with its tides
Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm
Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat
The pulses of the sea, sent forth a voice
Of awful adoration to the spirit
That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon its face.
And when the bow of evening arched the east,
Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling wave
Kissed with a sweet embrace the sea-worn beach,
And soft the song of winds came o'er the waters,
The mingled melody of wind and wave
Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear;
For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.
And have *our* hearts grown cold? Are there on earth
No pure reflections caught from heavenly light?
Have our mute lips no hymn, our souls no song?
Let him that in the summer-day of youth
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,
And him that in the nightfall of his years
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace
His dim, pale eyes on life's short wayfaring,
Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL

Round Autumn's mouldering urn
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,
When nightfall shades the quiet vale
And stars in beauty burn.

'T is the year's eventide.
The wind, like one that sighs in pain
O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again
Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye
Rests on the faint blue mountain long;
And for the fairy-land of song,
That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow;
In the mid-sky her urn glows bright,
And in her sad and mellowing light
The valley sleeps below.

Upon the hazel gray
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,
And o'er its tremulous chords are flung
The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here,
Beneath the dark and motionless beech,
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall reach
My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free:
A spirit in soft music calls
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown halls,
And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,
With moss and twisted ivy brown,
Bends in its lifeless beauty down
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice
Echoes the sound of precious things;
Of early feeling's tuneful springs
Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night-wind bears
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,
Are types of our mortality,
And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain,
Wasting and hoar as time decays,
Spring shall renew with cheerful days,—
But not my joys again.

ITALIAN SCENERY

NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont Alto.
Beneath its shade the beauteous Arno sleeps
In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark trees
Bend with a calm and quiet shadow down
Upon the beauty of that silent river.

Still in the west a melancholy smile
Mantles the lips of day, and twilight pale
Moves like a spectre in the dusky sky,
While eve's sweet star on the fast-fading year
Smiles calmly. Music steals at intervals
Across the water, with a tremulous swell,
From out the upland dingle of tall firs;
And a faint footfall sounds, where, dim and dark,
Hangs the gray willow from the river's brink,
O'ershadowing its current. Slowly there
The lover's gondola drops down the stream,
Silent, save when its dipping oar is heard,
Or in its eddy sighs the rippling wave.
Mouldering and moss-grown through the lapse of years,
In motionless beauty stands the giant oak;
Whilst those that saw its green and flourishing youth
Are gone and are forgotten. Soft the fount,
Whose secret springs the star-light pale discloses,
Gushes in hollow music; and beyond
The broader river sweeps its silent way,
Mingling a silver current with that sea,
Whose waters have no tides, coming nor going.
On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea
The halcyon flits; and, where the wearied storm
Left a loud moaning, all is peace again.

A calm is on the deep. The winds that came
O'er the dark sea-surge with a tremulous breathing,
And mourned on the dark cliff where weeds grew rank,
And to the autumnal death-dirge the deep sea
Heaved its long billows, with a cheerless song

Have passed away to the cold earth again,
Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently
Up from the calm sea's dim and distant verge,
Full and unveiled, the moon's broad disk emerges.
On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues
Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's woods,
The silver light is spreading. Far above,
Encompassed with their thin, cold atmosphere,
The Apennines uplift their snowy brows,
Glowing with colder beauty, where unheard
The eagle screams in the fathomless ether,
And stays his wearied wing. Here let us pause.
The spirit of these solitudes — the soul
That dwells within these steep and difficult places —
Speaks a mysterious language to mine own,
And brings unutterable musings. Earth
Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and the sea
Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath my feet;
Whilst the gray columns and the mouldering tombs
Of the Imperial City, hidden deep
Beneath the mantle of their shadows, rest.

My spirit looks on earth. A heavenly voice
Comes silently: "Dreamer, is earth thy dwelling?
Lo! nursed within that fair and fruitful bosom,
Which has sustained thy being, and within
The colder breast of Ocean, lie the germs
Of thine own dissolution! E'en the air,
That fans the clear blue sky, and gives thee strength,
Up from the sullen lake of mouldering reeds,
And the wide waste of forest, where the osier
Thrives in the damp and motionless atmosphere,
Shall bring the dire and wasting pestilence,
And blight thy cheek. Dream thou of higher things:
This world is not thy home!" And yet my eye
Rests upon earth again. How beautiful,
Where wild Velino heaves its sullen waves
Down the high cliff of gray and shapeless granite,
Hung on the curling mist, the moonlight bow
Arches the perilous river! A soft light
Silvers the Albanian mountains, and the haze

That rests upon their summits mellows down
The austerer features of their beauty. Faint
And dim-discovered glow the Sabine hills;
And, listening to the sea's monotonous shell,
High on the cliffs of Terracina stands
The castle of the royal Goth in ruins.

But night is in her wane: day's early flush
Glows like a hectic on her fading cheek,
Wasting its beauty. And the opening dawn
With cheerful lustre lights the royal city,
Where, with its proud tiara of dark towers,
It sleeps upon its own romantic bay.

THE LUNATIC GIRL

Most beautiful, most gentle! Yet how lost
To all that gladdens the fair earth; the eye
That watched her being; the maternal care
That kept and nourished her; and the calm light
That steals from our own thoughts, and softly rests
On youth's green valleys and smooth-sliding waters.
Alas! few suns of life, and fewer winds,
Had withered or had wasted the fresh rose
That bloomed upon her cheek: but one chill frost
Came in that early autumn, when ripe thought
Is rich and beautiful, and blighted it;
And the fair stalk grew languid day by day,
And drooped — and drooped, and shed its many leaves.
'T is said that some have died of love; and some,
That once from beauty's high romance had caught
Love's passionate feelings and heart-wasting cares,
Have spurned life's threshold with a desperate foot;
And others have gone mad, — and she was one!
Her lover died at sea; and they had felt
A coldness for each other when they parted,
But love returned again: and to her ear
Came tidings that the ship which bore her lover
Had sullenly gone down at sea, and all were lost.
I saw her in her native vale, when high
The aspiring lark up from the reedy river

Mounted on cheerful pinion ; and she sat
Casting smooth pebbles into a clear fountain,
And marking how they sunk ; and oft she sighed
For him that perished thus in the vast deep.
She had a sea-shell, that her lover brought
From the far-distant ocean ; and she pressed
Its smooth, cold lips unto her ear, and thought
It whispered tidings of the dark blue sea ;
And sad, she cried, " The tides are out ! — and now
I see his corse upon the stormy beach ! "
Around her neck a string of rose-lipped shells,
And coral, and white pearl, was loosely hung ;
And close beside her lay a delicate fan,
Made of the halcyon's blue wing ; and when
She looked upon it, it would calm her thoughts
As that bird calms the ocean, — for it gave
Mournful, yet pleasant, memory. Once I marked,
When through the mountain hollows and green woods,
That bent beneath its footsteps, the loud wind
Came with a voice as of the restless deep,
She raised her head, and on her pale, cold cheek
A beauty of diviner seeming came ;
And then she spread her hands, and smiled, as if
She welcomed a long-absent friend, — and then
Shrunk timorously back again, and wept.
I turned away : a multitude of thoughts,
Mournful and dark, were crowding on my mind ;
And as I left that lost and ruined one, —
A living monument that still on earth
There is warm love and deep sincerity, —
She gazed upon the west, where the blue sky
Held, like an ocean, in its wide embrace
Those fairy islands of bright cloud, that lay
So calm and quietly in the thin ether.
And then she pointed where, alone and high,
One little cloud sailed onward, like a lost
And wandering bark, and fainter grew, and fainter,
And soon was swallowed up in the blue depths ;
And, when it sunk away, she turned again
With sad despondency and tears to earth.

Three long and weary months — yet not a whisper
Of stern reproach for that cold parting! Then
She sat no longer by her favorite fountain:
She was at rest forever.

THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER

Here rest the weary oar! — soft airs
  Breathe out in the o'erarching sky;
And Night — sweet Night — serenely wears
  A smile of peace: her noon is nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,
  And waves, embracing the chaste shores,
Move over sea-shells and bright sands,
  Is heard the sound of dipping oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark springs,
  Love's midnight hour draws lingering near;
And list! — his tuneful viol strings
  The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo! on the silver-mirrored deep,
  On earth, and her embosomed lakes,
And where the silent rivers sweep,
  From the thin cloud fair moonlight breaks.

Soft music breathes around, and dies
  On the calm bosom of the sea;
Whilst in her cell the novice sighs
  Her vespers to her rosary.

At their dim altars bow fair forms,
  In tender charity for those,
That, helpless left to life's rude storms,
  Have never found this calm repose.

The bell swings to its midnight chime,
  Relieved against the deep blue sky.
Haste! — dip the oar again — 'tis time
  To seek Genevra's balcony.

THE ANGLER'S SONG

From the river's plashy bank,
Where the sedge grows green and rank,
  And the twisted woodbine springs,
Upward speeds the morning lark
To its silver cloud — and hark!
  On his way the woodman sings.

On the dim and misty lakes
Gloriously the morning breaks,
  And the eagle 's on his cloud: —
Whilst the wind, with sighing, wooes
To its arms the chaste cold ooze,
  And the rustling reeds pipe loud.

Where the embracing ivy holds
Close the hoar elm in its folds,
  In the meadow's fenny land,
And the winding river sweeps
Through its shallows and still deeps, —
  Silent with my rod I stand.

But when sultry suns are high
Underneath the oak I lie
  As it shades the water's edge,
And I mark my line, away
In the wheeling eddy, play,
  Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks
On green woods and winding brooks,
  And the wind sighs o'er the lea, —
Woods and streams, — I leave you then,
While the shadow in the glen
  Lengthens by the greenwood tree.

LOVER'S ROCK

There is a love that cannot die! —
  And some their doom have met

Heart-broken — and gone as stars go by,
That rise, and burn, and set.
Their days were in Spring's fallen leaf —
Tender — and young — and bright — and brief.

There is a love that cannot die ! —
Aye — it survives the grave ;
When life goes out with many a sigh,
And earth takes what it gave,
Its light is on the home of those
That heed not when the cold wind blows.

With us there are sad records left
Of life's declining day :
How true hearts here were broken and cleft,
And how they passed away.
And yon dark rock that swells above
Its blue lake — has a tale of love.

'T is of an Indian maid, whose fate
Was saddened by the burst
Of passion, that made desolate
The heart it filled at first.
Her lover was false-hearted, — yet
Her love she never could forget.

It was a summer-day, and bright
The sun was going down :
The wave lay blushing in rich light
Beneath the dark rock's frown,
And under the green maple's shade
Her lover's bridal feast was made.

She stood upon the rocky steep,
Grief had her heart unstrung,
And far across the lake's blue sweep
Was heard the dirge she sung.
It ceased — and in the deep cold wave
The Indian Girl has made her grave.

DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE

By yon still river, where the wave
Is winding slow at evening's close,
The beech, upon a nameless grave.
Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down
Upon the many-twinkling leaves,
And twilight's mellow shades are brown,
Where darkly the green turf upheaves.

The river glides in silence there,
And hardly waves the sapling tree:
Sweet flowers are springing, and the air
Is full of balm — but where is she!

They bade her wed a son of pride,
And leave the hope she cherished long:
She loved but one — and would not hide
A love which knew a wrong.

And months went sadly on — and years:
And she was wasting day by day:
At length she died — and many tears
Were shed, that she should pass away.

Then came a gray old man, and knelt
With bitter weeping by her tomb:
And others mourned for him, who felt
That he had sealed a daughter's doom.

The funeral train has long past on,
And time wiped dry the father's tear!
Farewell — lost maiden! — there is one
That mourns thee yet — and he is here.

A SONG OF SAVOY

As the dim twilight shrouds
The mountain's purple crest,

And Summer's white and folded clouds
  Are glowing in the west,
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,
And voices hail the evening-bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,
  And sighing comes the breeze;
The silent river sweeps along
  Amid its bending trees —
And the full moon shines faintly there,
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs
  The tinkling cymbals sound;
And as the wind the foliage stirs,
  I see the dancers bound
Where the green branches, arched above,
Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there, that sought
  My young heart long ago!
But he has left me — though I thought
  He ne'er could leave me so.
Ah! lover's vows — how frail are they!
And his — were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not? I call
  In tears upon him yet;
'T were better ne'er to love at all,
  Than love, and then forget!
Why comes he not? Alas! I should
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see — he leaves the glade,
  And beckons me away:
He comes to seek his mountain maid!
  I cannot chide his stay.
Glad sounds along the valley swell,
And voices hail the evening-bell.

THE INDIAN HUNTER

When the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet.
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods
As the sun stole out from their solitudes;
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk.
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
Were the tree's withered leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn—
The mower sung loud by the meadow-side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,
And the voice of the herdsmen came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak,
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,

And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore, —
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lakeside
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 't was seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

ODE WRITTEN FOR THE COMMEMORATION AT FRYEBURG, MAINE, OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

Air — Bruce's Address.

I

Many a day and wasted year
Bright has left its footsteps here,
Since was broke the warrior's spear,
And our fathers bled.
Still the tall trees, arching, shake
Where the fleet deer by the lake,
As he dash'd through birch and brake,
From the hunter fled.

II

In these ancient woods so bright,
That are full of life and light,
Many a dark, mysterious rite
The stern warriors kept.
But their altars are bereft,
Fall'n to earth, and strewn and cleft,
And a holier faith is left
Where their fathers slept.

III

From their ancient sepulchres,
Where amid the giant firs,
Moaning loud, the high wind stirs,
Have the red men gone.

Tow'rd the setting sun that makes
Bright our western hills and lakes,
Faint and few, the remnant takes
Its sad journey on.

IV

Where the Indian hamlet stood,
In the interminable wood,
Battle broke the solitude,
And the war-cry rose;
Sudden came the straggling shot
Where the sun looked on the spot
That the trace of war would blot
Ere the day's faint close.

V

Low the smoke of battle hung;
Heavy down the lake it swung,
Till the death wail loud was sung
When the night shades fell;
And the green pine, waving dark,
Held within its shattered bark
Many a lasting scathe and mark,
That a tale could tell.

VI

And the story of that day
Shall not pass from earth away,
Nor the blighting of decay
Waste our liberty;
But within the river's sweep
Long in peace our vale shall sleep
And free hearts the record keep
Of this jubilee.

JECKOYVA

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was not

heard of till after a long time, when his half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills. H. W. L.

They made the warrior's grave beside
The dashing of his native tide :
And there was mourning in the glen —
The strong wail of a thousand men —
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,
Ere mist of age — or blight or blast
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath
The bending of the wild elm's wreath,
When the dark hunter's piercing eye
Had found that mountain rest on high,
Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath,
Beneath the ragged cliff were thrown
The strong belt and the mouldering bone.

Where was the warrior's foot, when first
The red sun on the mountain burst ?
Where — when the sultry noon-time came
On the green vales with scorching flame,
And made the woodlands faint with thirst ?
'T was where the wind is keen and loud,
And the gray eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when night
Veiled in thick cloud the mountain-height ?
None heard the loud and sudden crash —
None saw the fallen warrior dash
Down the bare rock so high and white !
But he that drooped not in the chase
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day
Of cold desertion passed away,
And traces on that barren cleft
Of struggling hard with death were left —
Deep marks and footprints in the clay !
And they have laid this feathery helm
By the dark river and green elm.

THE SEA-DIVER

My way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocking tide;
And many an eye has followed me
Where billows clasp the worn seaside.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
When ocean by the sun is kissed!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem;
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down, without a signal-gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart —
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea!
Peace — that their relics there were laid
With no vain pride and pageantry.

MUSINGS

I SAT by my window one night,
And watched how the stars grew high;
And the earth and skies were a splendid sight
To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down
With gentle and mellow ray,
And beneath the crowded roofs of the town
In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,
And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,
And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood
Its crimson scarf unrolled,
And the trees like a splendid army stood
In a panoply of gold!

I saw them waving their banners high,
As their crests to the night wind bowed,
And a distant sound on the air went by,
Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my window how fast
The lights all around me fled,
As the wearied man to his slumber passed
And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burned
With distant and steady light;
But that, too, went out — and I turned
Where my own lamp within shone bright!

Thus, thought I, our joys must die,
Yes — the brightest from earth we win:
Till each turns away, with a sigh,
To the lamp that burns brightly within.

SONG

Where, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues through tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling,
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing:

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing!

SONG OF THE BIRDS

With what a hollow dirge its voice did fill
The vast and empty hollow of the night! —
It had perched itself upon a tall old tree,
That hung its tufted and thick clustering leaves
Midway across the brook; and sung most sweetly,
In all the merry and heart-broken sadness
Of those that love hath crazed. Clearly it ran
Through all the delicate compass of its voice: —
And then again, as from a distant hollow,
I heard its sweet tones like an echo sounding,
And coming, like the memory of a friend
From a far distant country — or the silent land
Of the mourned and the dead, to which we all are passing;
It seemed the song of some poor broken heart,
Haunted forever with love's cruel fancies! —

Of one that has loved much yet never known
The luxury of being loved again !

But when the morning broke, and the green woods
Were all alive with birds — with what a clear
And ravishing sweetness sung the plaintive thrush ;
I love to hear its delicate rich voice,
Chanting through all the gloomy day, when loud
Amid the trees is dropping the big rain,
And gray mists wrap the hills ; — for aye the sweeter
Its song is, when the day is sad and dark. And thus,
When the bright fountains of a woman's love
Are gently running over, if a cloud
But darken, with its melancholy shadow,
The bright flowers round our way, her heart
Doth learn new sweetness, and her rich voice falls
With more delicious music on our ears.

II. UNACKNOWLEDGED AND UNCOLLECTED TRANSLATIONS

LET ME GO WARM

BY LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE

Let me go warm and merry still ;
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let others muse on earthly things, —
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,
And those whose fame the world doth fill ;
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange-punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days ; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears
From golden plate a thousand cares
Doth swallow as a gilded pill :

On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney hiss and crack ; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit, and care not for the gale ; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,
For silver mines and golden sands ;
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells ; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over :
I cross, without the fear of ill,
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yepes' tides ; —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
And love should gentle Thisbe kill ;
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
The sword I plunge into her heart
The tooth that bites the crust apart, —
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

BY LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE

To-day from the Aurora's bosom
A pink has fallen, — a crimson blossom :
And oh, how glorious rests the hay
On which the fallen blossom lay.

When silence gently had unfurled
Her mantle over all below,
And, crowned with winter's frost and snow,
Night swayed the sceptre of the world,
Amid the gloom descending slow,
Upon the monarch's frozen bosom
A pink has fallen, — a crimson blossom.

The only flower the Virgin bore
(Aurora fair,) within her breast,
She gave to earth, yet still possessed
Her virgin blossom as before :
The hay that colored drop caressed, —
Received upon its faithful bosom
That single flower, — a crimson blossom.

The manger, unto which 't was given,
Even amid wintry snows and cold,
Within its fostering arms to fold
The blushing flower that fell from Heaven,
Was as a canopy of gold, —
A downy couch, — where on its bosom
That flower hath fallen, — that crimson blossom.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

BY LUIS PONCE DE LEON

Lady ! thine upward flight
The opening heavens receive with joyful song :
Blest, who thy garments bright
May seize, amid the throng,
And to the sacred mount float peacefully along.

Bright angels are around thee,
They that have served thee from thy birth are there:
Their hands with stars have crowned thee;
Thou, — peerless Queen of air,
As sandals to thy feet the silver moon dost wear.

Celestial dove! so meek
And mild and fair! — oh, let thy peaceful eye
This thorny valley seek,
Where such sweet blossoms lie,
But where the sons of Eve in pain and sorrow sing.

For if the imprisoned soul
Could catch the brightness of that heavenly way,
'T would own its sweet control
And gently pass away,
Drawn by its magnet power to an eternal day.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

BY HERNANDO DE HERRARA

Pure Spirit! that within a form of clay
Once veiled the brightness of thy native sky;
In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning eye,
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight away!
He that chastised thee did at length unclose
Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet release; —
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace
Received thee to its stillness and repose.
Look down once more from thy celestial dwelling,
Help me to rise and be immortal there, —
An earthly vapor melting into air; —
For my whole soul, with secret ardor swelling,
From earth's dark mansion struggles to be free,
And longs to soar away and be at rest with thee.

IDEAL BEAUTY

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

O LIGHT serene! present in him who breathes
That love divine, which kindles yet restrains
The high-born soul — that in its mortal chains
Heavenward aspires for love's immortal wreaths!
Rich golden locks, within whose clustered curls
Celestial and eternal treasures lie!
A voice that breathes angelic harmony
Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!
What marvellous beauty! Of the high estate
Of immortality, within this light
Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse is given;
And in the glorious form, I contemplate,
(Although its brightness blinds my feeble sight,)
The immortal still I seek and follow on to Heaven!

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

BY HERNANDO DE HERRERA

BRIGHT Sun! that, flaming through the mid-day sky,
Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep-vaulted arch,
Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march
One hue to rival this blue, tranquil eye?
Thou Summer Wind, of soft and delicate touch,
Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh pinion,
Say, hast thou found, in all thy wide dominion,
Tresses of gold, that can delight so much?
Moon, honor of the night! Thou glorious choir
Of wandering Planets and eternal Stars!
Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs like these?
Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of fire —
Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds nor bars?
See ye these cruel stars, that brighten and yet freeze?

ART AND NATURE

BY FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

THE works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye ; the fountain's sparkling rill,
And gardens, when adorned by human skill,
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
But oh ! the free and wild magnificence
Of Nature, in her lavish hours, doth steal,
In admiration silent and intense,
The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.
The river moving on its ceaseless way,
The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,
And the blue hills, that bound the sylvan scene,
These speak of grandeur, that defies decay, —
Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,
Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.

THE TWO HARVESTS

BY FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

BUT yesterday these few and hoary sheaves
Waved in the golden harvest ; from the plain
I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain
Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.
Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,
And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled,
A peerless emerald in each silken fold,
And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.
And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space
All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,
All that smiled beauteous in the summer-tide.
And what are we ? a copy of that race,
The later harvest of a longer year !
And oh ! how many fall before the ripened ear !

CLEAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID ELEMENT

BY LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE

CLEAR honor of the liquid element,
Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen!
Whose waters steal along the meadows green,
With gentle step, and murmur of content!
When she, for whom I bear each fierce extreme,
Beholds herself in thee, — then Love doth trace
The snow and crimson of that lovely face
In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.
Then smoothly flow as now; and set not free
The crystal curb and undulating rein
Which now thy current's headlong speed restrain;
Lest, broken and confused the image rest
Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving breast
Of him who holds and sways the trident of the sea.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

JUAN RUIZ DE HITA

I WISH to make my sermon brief, — to shorten my oration, —
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:
I like short women, — suits at law without procrastination, —
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he 's a fool who 's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my
musing;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing:
So I 'll praise the little women, and you 'll find the thing
amusing:
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around
diffusing.

They 're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of
Love is raging;
They 're gay and pleasant in the street, — soft, cheer-
ful, and engaging;
They 're thrifty and discreet at home, — the cares of
life assuaging:
All this and more; — try, and you 'll find how true is
my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the
eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says, — *A word unto the
wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 't is sprinkled
thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her, —
There 's not a joy in all the world you will not find
within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there 's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its
rays, —
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and
light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that
sing:
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in
spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrill-
ing note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat, —
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her
dote.

There 's naught can be compared to her, throughout
the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth, — our greatest consola-
tion, —
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation:
In fine, she 's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now of two evils choose the less, — said a wise man of
the East:
By consequence, of womankind be sure to choose the
least.

MILAGROS DE NUESTRA SEÑORA

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the gentle summer-tide,
Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side:
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and
wide, —
A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller might
abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the mind from care;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair,
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple, seen;
And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between,
None were unpleasant to the taste, and none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor of the flowers,
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered with fragrant showers,
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry noontide hours:
Oh, one might live upon the balm and fragrance of those bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had such power to please,
Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze:
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest at ease,
And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside me flung,
I heard the soft and mellow notes that through the woodland rung:

Ear never listened to a strain, from instrument or tongue,
So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me sung.

SONG OF THE RHINE

Forth rolled the Rhine-stream strong and deep
Beneath Helvetia's Alpine steep
And joined in youthful company
Its fellow-travellers to the sea.

In Germany embraced the Rhine,
The Neckar, the Mosel, the Lahn, and the Main,
And strengthened by each rushing tide,
Onward he marched in kingly pride.

But soon from his enfeebled grasp
The satraps of his power,
The current's flowing veins unclasped —
He moves in pride no more.

Forth the confederate waters broke
On that rebellious day,
And, bursting from their monarch's yoke,
Each chose a separate way.

Wahl, Issel, Leck, and Wecht, all, all
Flowed sidewards o'er the land,
And a nameless brook, by Leyden's wall,
The Rhine sank in sand.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE

BY FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISSON

Silent, in the veil of evening twilight,
Rests the plain; the woodland song is still,
Save that here, amid these mouldering ruins,
Chirps a cricket, mournfully and shrill.

Silence sinks from skies without a shadow,
Slowly wind the herds from field and meadow,
And the weary hind to the repose
Of his father's lowly cottage goes.

Here, upon this hill, by forests bounded,
'Mid the ruins of departed days,
By the awful shapes of Eld surrounded,
Sadness! unto thee my song I raise!
Sadly think I what in gray old ages
Were these wrecks of lordly heritages:
A majestic castle, like a crown,
Placed upon the mountain's brow of stone.

There, where round the column's gloomy ruins,
Sadly whispering, clings the ivy green,
And the evening twilight's mournful shimmer
Blinks the empty window-space between,
Blessed, perhaps, a father's tearful eye
Once the noblest son of Germany;
One whose heart, with high ambition rife,
Warmly swelled to meet the coming strife.

"Go in peace!" thus spake the hoary warrior,
As he girded on his sword of fame;
"Come not back again, or come as victor:
Oh, be worthy of thy father's name!"
And the noble youth's bright eyes were throwing
Deadly flashes forth; his cheeks were glowing,
As with full-blown branches the red rose
In the purple light of morning glows.

Then, a cloud of thunder, flew the champion,
Even as Richard Lion-Heart, to fight;
Like a wood of pines in storm and tempest,
Bowed before his path the hostile might.
Gently, as a brook through flowers descendeth,
Homeward to the castle-crag he wendeth, —
To his father's glad, yet tearful face, —
To the modest maiden's chaste embrace.

Oh, with anxious longing, looks the fair one
From her turret down the valley drear!
Shield and breastplate glow in gold of evening,
Steeds fly forward, the beloved draws near!
Him the faithful right-hand mute extending,
Stands she, pallid looks with blushes blending.
Oh, but what that soft, soft eye doth say,
Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en Sappho's lay!

Merrily echoed there the sound of goblets,
Where the rank grass, waving in the gale,
O'er the nests of owls is blackly spreading,
Till the silver glance of stars grew pale.
Tales of hard-won battle fought afar,
Wild adventures in the Holy War,
Wakened in the breast of hardy knight
The remembrance of his fierce delight.

Oh, what changes! Awe and night o'ershadow
Now the scene of all that proud array;
Winds of evening, full of sadness, whisper,
Where the strong ones revelled and were gay;
Thistles lonely nod, in places seated
Where for shield and spear the boy entreated,
When aloud the war-horn's summons rang,
And to horse in speed the father sprang.

Ashes are the bones of these, — the mighty!
Deep they lie within earth's gloomy breast;
Hardly the half-sunken funeral tablets
Now point out the places where they rest!
Many to the winds were long since scattered, —
Like their tombs, their memories sunk and shattered!
O'er the brilliant deeds of ages gone
Sweep the cloud-folds of Oblivion!

Thus depart life's pageantry and glory!
Thus flit by the visions of vain might!
Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of ages,
All that earth doth bear, to empty night!

Laurels, that the victor's brow encircle,
High deeds, that in brass and marble sparkle,
  Urns devoted unto Memory,
  And the songs of Immortality

All, all, that with longing and with rapture
  Here on earth a noble heart doth warm,
Vanishes like sunshine in the autumn,
  When the horizon's verge is veiled in storm.
Friends at evening part with warm embraces, —
Morning looks upon the death-pale faces;
  Even the joys that Love and Friendship find
  Leave on earth no lasting trace behind.

Gentle Love! how all thy fields of roses
  Bounded close by thorny deserts lie!
And a sudden tempest's awful shadow
  Oft doth darken Friendship's brightest sky!
Vain are titles, honor, might, and glory!
On the monarch's temples proud and hoary,
  And the way-worn pilgrim's trembling head,
  Doth the grave one common darkness spread!

THE STARS

BY MARTIN OPITZ

Night comes stealing from the East,
Frees from labor man and beast,
Brings to all the wished-for rest,
And the sorrow to my breast.

Shines the moonlight clear and cold,
Shine the little stars of gold;
Glad are all things far and wide; —
I alone in grief abide.

Two are missing, two in vain
Seek I in the starry train;
And these stars that do not rise
Are my darling's lovely eyes.

Naught I heed the moonlight clear,
Dim to me the stars appear,
Since is hidden from my sight
Kunigund, my heaven of light.

But when in their splendor shine
Over me those suns divine,
Then it seemeth best to me
Neither moon nor stars should be.

RONDEL

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

Hence away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!
Think ye thus to govern me
All my life long, as ye have done?
That shall ye not, I promise ye,
Reason shall have the mastery.
So hence away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!

If ever ye return this way,
With your mournful company,
A curse be on ye, and the day
That brings ye moping back to me!
Hence away, begone, I say,
Carking care and melancholy!

THE BANKS OF THE CHER

BY ANTOINE-MARIN LE MIÈRRE

In that province of our France
Proud of being called its garden,
In those fields where once by chance
Pepin's father with his lance
Made the Saracen sue for pardon;
There between the old château
Which two hundred years ago

Was the centre of the League,
Whose infernal, black intrigue
Almost fatal was, 't is reckoned,
To young Francis, called the Second,
And that pleasant city's wall
Of this canton capital,
City memorable in story,
And whose fruits preserved with care
Make the riches and the glory
Of the gourmands everywhere!—
Now, a more prosaic head
Without verbiage might have said,
There between Tours and Amboise
In the province of Touraine;
But the poet, and with cause,
Loves to ponder and to pause;
Ever more his soul delighteth
In the language that he writeth,
Finer far than other people's;
So, while he describes the steeples,
One might travel through Touraine,
Far as Tours and back again.

On the borders of the Cher
Is a valley green and fair,
Where the eye, that travels fast,
Tires with the horizon vast;
There, since five and forty lustres,
From the bosom of the stream,
Like the castle of a dream,
High into the fields of air
The château of Chenonceaux
Lifts its glittering vanes in clusters.
Six stone arches of a bridge
Into channels six divide
The swift river in its flow,
And upon their granite ridge
Hold this beautiful château,
Flanked with turrets on each side.
Time, that grand old man with wings,
Who destroys all earthly things,

Hath not tarnished yet one stone,
White as ermine is alone,
Of this palace of dead kings.

One in speechless wonder sees
In the rampart-walls of Blois,
To the shame of the Valois,
Marble stained with blood of Guise;
By the crimes that it can show,
By its war-beleaguered gates,
Famous be that black château;
Thou art famous for thy fêtes
And thy feastings, Chenonceaux!
Ah, most beautiful of places,
With what pleasure thee I see;
Everywhere the selfsame traces,
Residence of all the Graces
And Love's inn and hostelry!

Here that second Agrippina,
The imperious Catharina,
Jealous of all pleasant things,
To her cruel purpose still
Subjugating every will,
Kept her sons as underlings
Fastened to her apron-strings.

Here, divested of his armor,
As gallant as he was brave,
Francis First to some fair charmer
Many an hour of dalliance gave.
Here, beneath these ceilings florid,
Chose Diana her retreat, —
Not Diana of the groves
With the crescent on her forehead,
Who, as swiftest arrow fleet,
Flies before all earthly loves;
But that charming mortal dame,
She the Poiterine alone,
She the Second Henry's flame,
Who with her celestial zone

Loves and Laughters made secure
From banks of Cher to banks of Eure.

Cher, whose stream, obscure and troubled,
Flowed before with many a halt,
By this palace is ennobled,
Since it bathes its noble vault.
Even the boatman, hurrying fast,
Pauses, mute with admiration
To behold a pile so vast
Rising like an exhalation
From the stream; and with his mast
Lowered salutes it, gliding past.

TO THE FOREST OF GASTINE

BY PIERRE DE RONSARD

Stretched in thy shadows I rehearse,
Gastine, thy solitudes,
Even as the Grecians in their verse
The Erymanthian woods.

For I, alas! cannot conceal
From any future race
The pleasure, the delight, I feel
In thy green dwelling-place.

Thou who beneath thy sheltering bowers
Dost make me visions see;
Thou who dost cause that at all hours
The Muses answer me;

Thou who from each importunate care
Dost free me with a look,
When lost I roam I know not where
Conversing with a book!

Forever may thy thickets hold
The amorous brigade

Of Satyrs and of Sylvans bold,
That make the Nymphs afraid ;

In thee the Muses evermore
Their habitation claim,
And never may thy woods deplore
The sacrilegious flame.

FONTENAY

BY GUILLAUME AMFRYE DE CHAULIEU

O AMIABLE solitude,
Sojourn of silence and of peace !
Asylum where forever cease
All tumult and inquietude !

I, who have chanted many a time
To tender accents of my lyre
All that one suffers from the fire
Of love and beauty in its prime, —

Shall I, whose gratitude requites
All blessing I from thee receive, —
Shall I, unsung, in silence leave
Thy benefactions and delights ?

Thou bringest back my youthful dream ;
Calmest my agitated breast,
And of my idleness and rest
Makest a happiness extreme.

Amid these hamlets and these woods
Again do I begin to live,
And to the winds all memory give
Of sorrows and solicitudes.
. . . . . .
What smiling pictures and serene
Each day reveals to sight and sense,
Of treasures with which Providence
Embellishes this rural scene !

How sweet it is in yonder glade
To see, when noonday burns the plain,
The flocks around the shepherd swain
Reposing in the elm-tree's shade!

To hear at eve our flageolets
Answered by all the hills around,
And all the villages resound
With hautbois and with canzonets!

Alas! these peaceful days, perforce,
With too great swiftness onward press;
My indolence and idleness
Are powerless to suspend their course.

Old age comes stealing on apace;
And cruel Death shall soon or late
Execute the decree of fate
That gives me to him without grace.

O Fontenay! forever dear!
Where first I saw the light of day,
I soon from life shall steal away
To sleep with my forefathers here.

Ye Muses, that have nourished me
In this delightful spot of earth;
Beautiful trees, that saw my birth,
Erelong ye too my death shall see!

Meanwhile let me in patience wait
Beneath thy shadowy woods, nor grieve
That I so soon their shade must leave
For that dark manor desolate,

Whither not one shall follow me
Of all these trees that my own hand
Hath planted, and for pastime planned,
Saving alone the cypress-tree!

PRAY FOR ME

BY CHARLES-HUBERT MILLEVOYE

In the hamlet desolate,
Brooding o'er his woes in vain,
Lay a young man, doomed by fate,
Wasted by disease and pain.
"People of the chaumière,"
Said he, "'t is the hour of prayer;
Ringing are the bells! all ye
Who are praying, pray for me!

"When you see the waterfall
Covered with dark boughs in spring,
You will say, He 's free from all,
All his pain and suffering.
Then returning to this shore
Sing your simple plaint once more,
And when ring the bells, all ye
Who are praying, pray for me.

"Falsehood I could not endure,
Was the enemy of hate;
Of an honest life and pure
The end approaches, and I wait.
Short my pilgrimage appears;
In the springtime of my years
I am dying; and all ye
Who are praying, pray for me.

"Best of friends and only friend,
Worthy of all love and praise,
Thine my life was to the end;
Ah, 't was but a life of days.
People of the chaumière,
Pity, at the hour of prayer,
Her who comes with bended knee,
Saying also, Pray for me!"

VIRE

BY GUSTAVE LE VAVASSEUR

It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!
For a poet of Normandy the Low
It is good to rhyming go!
One is inspired and all aglow
With the old singers of voice so pure.
It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!

Do you know one Thomas Sonnet?
He was a medical man of Vire;
And turned very well a roundelay,
Do you know this Thomas Sonnet?
To the sick he used to say,
"Never drink bad wine, my dear!"
Do you know this Thomas Sonnet?
He was a medical man of Vire.

Do you know one Master Le Houx?
He was an advocate of Vire;
The taste of dry and sweet he knew;
Do you know this Master Le Houx?
From the holly boughs his name he drew
Which as tavern-signs one sees appear.
Do you know this Master Le Houx?
He was an advocate of Vire.

Do you know one Master Olivier?
He was an ancient fuller of Vire;
He only fulled his tub, they say;
Do you know this Master Olivier?
As to his trade, it was only play;
He knew how to sing and drink and leer;
Do you know this Master Olivier?
He was an ancient fuller of Vire.

Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet
Are Peace, and Tavern, and Poesy;

Every good rhymer knows to-day
Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet.
Dame Reason throws her cap away
If the rhyme well chosen be ;
Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet
Are Peace, and Tavern, and Poesy.

Vire is a delicious place,
Vire is a little Norman town.
'T is not the home of a godlike race,
Vire is a delicious place ;
But what gives it its crowning grace
Is the peace that there comes down.
Vire is a delicious place,
Vire is a little Norman town.

There are taverns by the score
And solid are the drinkers there.
More than in Evreux of yore,
There are taverns by the score.
One sees there empty brains no more,
But empty glasses everywhere.
There are taverns by the score,
And solid are the drinkers there.

'T is the fresh cradle of the Song,
And mother of the Vaudeville ;
Lawyers as cupbearers throng,
'T is the fresh cradle of the Song.
The fullers pierce the puncheons strong,
The doctors drink abroad their fill ;
'T is the fresh cradle of the Song
And mother of the Vaudeville.

It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures !
For a poet of Normandy the Low,
It is good to rhyming go !
One is inspired and all aglow
With the old singers of voice so pure.
It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures !

A FLORENTINE SONG

If I am fair 't is for myself alone,
I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,
Nor would I call another's heart my own,
Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.
For surely I will plight my faith to none,
Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me;
For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,
One whom I thought my charms had power to move,
Why then, I do confess, the whim might seize me,
To taste for once the porringer of love.
Alas! there is one pair of eyes that tease me;
And then that mouth! — he seems a star above,
He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,
And so unlike the sulleh, clownish hind.

What love may be, indeed I cannot tell,
Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts;
But true it is, there 's one I *like* so well,
That when he looks at me my bosom starts.
And, if we meet, my heart begins to swell;
And the green fields around, when he departs,
Seem like a nest from which the bird has flown;
Can this be love? — say — ye who love have known!

A NEAPOLITAN CANZONET

One morning, on the sea-shore as I strayed,
My heart dropped in the sand beside the sea;
I asked of yonder mariners, who said
They saw it in thy bosom, — worn by thee.
And I am come to seek that heart of mine,
For I have none, and thou, alas, hast two;
If this be so, dost know what thou shalt do? —
Still keep my heart, and give me, give me thine.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
'T was night, but seemed the noon of day;
The stars, whose light
Was pure and bright,
Shone with unwavering ray;
But one, one glorious star
Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

Then peace was spread throughout the land;
The lion fed beside the tender lamb;
And with the kid,
To pasture led,
The spotted leopard fed;
In peace, the calf and bear,
The wolf and lamb reposed together there.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
An angel, brighter than the sun's own light,
Appeared in air,
And gently said,
Fear not, — be not afraid,
For lo! beneath your eyes,
Earth has become a smiling paradise.

A SOLDIER'S SONG

"Who knocks, — who knocks at my door,
Who knocks, and who can it be?"
"Thy own true lover, betrothed forever,
So open the door to me."

"My mother is not at home,
So I cannot open to thee."
"Why make me wait so long at the gate,
For mercy's sake open to me."

"Thou canst not come in so late,
From the window I 'll listen to thee."
"My cloak is old, and the wind blows cold,
So open the door to me."

TELL ME, TELL ME, THOU PRETTY BEE

BY GIOVANNI MELI

Tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee,
Whither so early thy flight may be?
Not a neighboring mountain height
Yet blushes with the morning light;
Still the dew on spray and blossom
Trembling shines in the meadow's bosom;
Why do I see thee, then, unfold
Thy soft and dainty wings of gold; —
Those little wings are weary quite,
Still thou holdest thy onward flight, —
Then tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee,
Whither so early thy flight may be.

Thou seekest honey? — if it be so,
Fold up thy wings, — no farther go;
I 'll show thee a safe and sacred spot,
Where all the year round 't will fail thee not.
Knowest thou the maid for whom I sigh, —
Her of the bright and beaming eye?
Endless sweetness shalt thou sip,
Honied stores upon her lip.
On those lips of brightest red,
Lips of the beloved maid,
Sweetest honey lies for thee; —
Sip it, — sip it; — this is she.

SICILIAN CANZONET

What shall I do, sweet Nici, tell me,
I burn, — I burn, — I can no more!
I know not how the thing befell me,
But I 'm in love, and all is o'er.
One look, — alas! one glance of thine,
One single glance my death shall be;
Even this poor heart no more is mine,
For, Nici, it belongs to thee.

How shall I then my grief repress,
How shall this soul in anguish live?
I fear a *no*, — desire a *yes*, —
But which the answer thou wilt give?
No, — Love, — not so deceived am I;
Soft pity dwells in those bright eyes,
And no tyrannic cruelty
Within that gentle bosom lies.

Then, fairest Nici, speak and say
If I must know thy love or hate;
Oh, do not leave me thus, I pray,
But speak, — be quick, — I cannot wait.
Quick, — I entreat thee; — if not so,
This weary soul no more shall sigh; —
So tell me quickly, — *yes* or *no*,
Which, — which shall be my destiny.

THE GLEANER OF SAPRI

BY LUIGI MERCANTINI

"This poet," says Mr. Longfellow, "is a professor in the University of Palermo. The following simple and striking poem from his pen has reference to the ill-fated expedition of Carlo Pisacane, on the shores of the kingdom of Naples in the summer of 1857, in which, says Dall' Ongaro, 'he fell with his followers like Leonidas with his three hundred.'"

THEY were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!
One morning as I went to glean the grain,
I saw a bark in middle of the main;
It was a bark came steaming to the shore,
And hoisted for its flag the tricolor.
At Ponza's isle it stopped beneath the lea,
It stayed awhile, and then put out to sea,
Put out to sea, and came unto our strand;
Landed with arms, but not as foemen land.
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

Landed with arms, but not as foemen land,
For they stooped down and kissed the very sand.
And one by one I looked them in the face;
A tear and smile in each one I could trace!
"Thieves from their dens are these," some people said,
And yet they took not even a loaf of bread!
I heard them utter but a single cry:
"We for our native land have come to die!"
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

With eyes of azure, and with hair of gold,
A young man marched in front of them; and bold
I made myself, and having seized his hand,
Asked him, "Where goest, fair captain of the band?"
He looked at me and answered, "Sister mine,
I go to die for this fair land of thine!"
I felt my heart was trembling through and through,
Nor could I say to him, "God comfort you!"
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

That morning I forgot to glean the grain,
And set myself to follow in their train.
Twice over they encountered the gens-d'armes,
Twice over they despoiled them of their arms;
But when we came before Certosa's wall
We heard the drums beat and the trumpets call,
And 'mid the smoke, the firing, and the glare,
More than a thousand fell upon them there.
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

They were three hundred, and they would not fly;
They seemed three thousand, and they wished to die,
But wished to die with weapons in their hands;
Before them ran with blood the meadow lands.
I prayed for them, but ere the fight was o'er,
Swooned suddenly away, and looked no more;
For in their midst I could no more behold
Those eyes of azure and that hair of gold!
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead!

III. A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF MR. LONGFELLOW'S POEMS

In the following list the poems are set down under date of the years in which they were composed. When the date of composition is undetermined, the poem, marked by an asterisk, is placed against the year of its publication. Translations are distinguished by italics.

1820. The Battle of Lovell's Pond.
1824. To Ianthe.
Thanksgiving.
Autumnal Nightfall.
Italian Scenery.
An April Day.
Autumn.
Woods in Winter.
1825. The Lunatic Girl.
The Venetian Gondolier.
The Angler's Song.
Sunrise on the Hills.
Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem.
Lover's Rock.
Dirge over a Nameless Grave.
A Song of Savoy.
The Indian Hunter.
Ode written for the Commemoration at Fryeburg, Maine, of Lovewell's Fight.
Jeckoyva.
The Sea-Diver.
Musings.

The Spirit of Poetry.
Burial of the Minnisink.
1826. Song: "Where, from the eye of day."
Song of the Birds.
1830. *Song:* "*Hark, hark!*"
Song: "*And whither goest thou, gentle sigh.*"
The Return of Spring.
Rondel: "*Hence away, begone, begone.*"
Spring.
The Child Asleep.
Friar Lubin.
1831. * *Let me go warm.*
* *The Disembodied Spirit.*
* *Ideal Beauty.*
* *The Lover's Complaint.*
The Nativity of Christ.
The Assumption of the Virgin.
1832. *A Florentine Song.*
A Neapolitan Canzonet.
Christmas Carol.
A Soldier's Song.
Tell me, tell me, thou pretty Bee.
Sicilian Canzonet.
Coplas de Manrique.
The Good Shepherd.
To-Morrow.
The Native Land.
The Image of God.
The Brook.
* *Vida de San Millan.*
* *San Miguel, the Convent.*
Death of Archbishop Turpin.
Art and Nature.
The Two Harvests.
1833. * *Ancient Spanish Ballads.*
* *Clear Honor of the Liquid Element.*

* *Praise of Little Women.*
* *Milagros de Nuestra Señora.*
1834. * *Song of the Rhine.*
1835. *King Christian.*
* *Song:* "*She is a maid of artless grace.*"
1836. *Song of the Bell.*
The Castle by the Sea.
Song of the Silent Land.
1837. *Passages from Frithiof's Saga.*
Flowers.
1838. A Psalm of Life.
The Reaper and the Flowers.
The Light of Stars.
"Neglected record of a mind neglected."
The Grave.
The Soul's Complaint against the Body.
Beowulf's Expedition to Heort.
1839. The Wreck of the Hesperus.
The Village Blacksmith.
Prelude.
Hymn to the Night.
Footsteps of Angels.
The Beleaguered City.
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.
L'Envoi to Voices of the Night.
* *The Celestial Pilot.*
* *The Terrestrial Paradise.*
* *Beatrice.*
* *The Happiest Land.*
* *The Wave.*
* *The Dead.*
* *The Bird and the Ship.*
* *Whither.*
* *Beware.*
* *The Black Knight.*
1840. It is not always May.
The Spanish Student.

The Skeleton in Armor.

1841. Endymion.
The Rainy Day.
God's Acre.
To the River Charles.
Blind Bartimeus.
The Goblet of Life.
Maidenhood.
Excelsior.
The Children of the Lord's Supper.
The Luck of Edenhall.
The Two Locks of Hair.
* *The Elected Knight.*

1842. To William E. Channing.
The Slave's Dream.
The Good Part, that shall not be taken away.
The Slave in the Dismal Swamp.
The Slave singing at Midnight.
The Witnesses.
The Quadroon Girl.
* The Warning.
The Belfry of Bruges.
Mezzo Cammin.

1843. *Translation of Dante*, begun.
The Statue over the Cathedral Door.
The Legend of the Cross-Bill.
The Sea hath its Pearls.

1844. A Gleam of Sunshine.
The Arsenal at Springfield.
Nuremberg.
The Norman Baron.
Rain in Summer.
Sea Weed.
The Day is Done.
The Hemlock Tree.
Annie of Tharaw.

* *Childhood.*
* *Elegy:* "*Silent in the veil of evening twilight.*"

1845. To a Child.
The Occultation of Orion.
The Bridge.
To the Driving Cloud.
Carillon.
Afternoon in February.
To an Old Danish Song-Book.
Walter von der Vogelweid.
Drinking Song.
The Old Clock on the Stairs.
The Arrow and the Song.
The Evening Star.
Autumn.
* Dante.
Curfew.
Birds of Passage.
The Haunted Chamber.
Evangeline, begun.
* *Poetic Aphorisms.*
* *Silent Love.*
* *Blessed are the Dead.*
Wanderer's Night Songs.
* *The Nature of Love.*
* *Song:* "*If thou art sleeping, maiden.*"
* *Rondel.*

1846. The Builders.
Pegasus in Pound.
Twilight.

1847. Tegnér's Drapa.
Evangeline, finished.
"O faithful, indefatigable tides."
"Soft through the silent air."

1848. Hymn for my Brother's Ordination.
The Secret of the Sea.

* Sir Humphrey Gilbert.
The Fire of Drift-Wood.
The Castle-Builder.
Resignation.
Sand of the Desert.
The Open Window.
King Witlaf's Drinking-Horn.

1849. Dedication : The Seaside and the Fireside.
The Building of the Ship.
Chrysaor.
The Challenge of Thor (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Lighthouse.
Gaspar Becerra.
Sonnet on Mrs. Kemble's Readings from Shakespeare.
Children.
The Singers.
The Brook and the Wave.
Suspiria.
The Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillè.
A Christmas Carol.

1850. The Golden Legend, begun.
Michael Angelo : portion of III., iv.
The Ladder of St. Augustine.
The Phantom Ship.

1851. In the Churchyard at Cambridge.
The Golden Legend, finished.

1852. The Warden of the Cinque Ports.
Haunted Houses.
The Emperor's Bird's-Nest.
Daylight and Moonlight.
The Jewish Cemetery at Newport.

1853. The Two Angels.

1854. The Rope Walk.
The Golden Mile-Stone.

Catawba Wine.
Prometheus.
Epimetheus.
Hiawatha, begun.
1855. Hiawatha, finished.
Oliver Basselin.
Victor Galbraith.
My Lost Youth.
1856. John Endicott, begun.
So from the Bosom of Darkness.
1857. John Endicott, finished.
Santa Filomena.
The Discoverer of the North Cape.
Daybreak.
The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.
Sandalphon.
The Courtship of Miles Standish, begun.
1858. The Courtship of Miles Standish, finished.
1859. The Children's Hour.
Enceladus.
Snow-Flakes.
The Bells of Lynn.
* *My Secret.*
1860. Paul Revere's Ride (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Saga of King Olaf, excepting The Challenge of Thor (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
A Day of Sunshine.
1861. Interlude: A strain of music closed the tale (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
1862. Prelude: The Wayside Inn.
The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
King Robert of Sicily (Tales of a Wayside Inn).

Torquemada (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Cumberland.

1863. * Five Interludes to First Part of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
The Falcon of Ser Federigo (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Birds of Killingworth (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
* Finale to Part First of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
* Something left Undone.
* Weariness.

1864. Palingenesis.
The Bridge of Cloud.
Hawthorne.
Christmas Bells.
The Wind over the Chimney.
Divina Commedia : Sonnets, I., II.
Noël.
Kambalu (Tales of a Wayside Inn).

1865. Divina Commedia : Sonnet III.
To Italy.

1866. Flower-de-Luce.
Killed at the Ford.
Giotto's Tower.
To-Morrow.
Divina Commedia : Sonnets V., VI.
Translation of Dante, finished.

1867. Divina Commedia : Sonnet IV.

1868. Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

1869. *The Gleaner of Sapri.*

1870. Prelude to Part Second of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
The Bell of Atri (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Fata Morgana.
The Meeting.

Vox Populi.
Prelude to Translations.
The Divine Tragedy, begun.
Consolation.
* *To Cardinal Richelieu.*
The Angel and the Child.
Wanderer's Night Songs.
The Fugitive.
* *The Siege of Kazan.*
The Boy and the Brook.
* *To the Stork.*
* *Santa Teresa's Book-Mark.*
Remorse.

1871. The Cobbler of Hagenau (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Ballad of Carmilhan (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Lady Wentworth (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Legend Beautiful (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Baron of St. Castine (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Judas Maccabæus.
The Abbot Joachim : First Interlude to Christus.
Martin Luther : Second Interlude to Christus.
St. John : Finale to Christus.
The Divine Tragedy, finished.

1872. * Introitus to Christus.
* Interludes and Finale to Part Second of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
Michael Angelo, first draft.
Azrael (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Charlemagne (Tales of a Wayside Inn).

Emma and Eginhard (Tales of a Wayside Inn).

1873. * Prelude, Interludes and Finale to Part Third of Tales of a Wayside Inn.
Elizabeth (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Monk of Casal-Maggiore (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Scanderbeg (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Mother's Ghost (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
The Rhyme of Sir Christopher (Tales of a Wayside Inn).
Michael Angelo : Monologue, The Last Judgment ; Monologue, Part Second. Palazzo Cesarini ; The Oaks of Monte Luca.
* The Challenge.
* Aftermath.
The Hanging of the Crane.
Chaucer.
Shakespeare.
Milton.
Keats.
* *From the Cancioneros.*

1874. Charles Sumner.
Travels by the Fireside.
Cadenabbia.
Autumn Within.
Monte Cassino.
Morituri Salutamus.
Three Friends of Mine.
The Galaxy.
The Sound of the Sea.
A Summer Day by the Sea.
The Tides.
A Nameless Grave.

The Old Bridge at Florence.
Il Ponte Vecchio di Firenze.
Michael Angelo : Vittoria Colonna ; Palazzo Belvedere ; Bindo Altoviti ; In the Coliseum.
Seven Sonnets and a Canzone.

1875. Amalfi.
The Sermon of St. Francis.
Belisarius.
Songo River.
The Masque of Pandora.
A Shadow.
Sleep.
Parker Cleaveland.

1876. The Herons of Elmwood.
To the Avon.
A Dutch Picture.
The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face.
To the River Yvette.
A Wraith in the Mist.
Nature.
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Eliot's Oak.
The Descent of the Muses.
Venice.
The Poets.
The Harvest Moon.
To the River Rhone.
The Two Rivers.
Boston.
St. John's, Cambridge.
Moods.
Woodstock Park.
The Four Princesses at Wilna.
The Broken Oar.
The Four Lakes of Madison.
Victor and Vanquished.

On the Terrace of the Aigalades.
To my Brooklet.
Barréges.

1877. Kéramos.
Castles in Spain.
Vittoria Colonna.
A Ballad of the French Fleet.
The Leap of Roushan Beg.
Haroun al Raschid.
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The Three Kings.
Song: "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest."
The Three Silences of Molinos.
Holidays.
Wapentake.
* *The Banks of the Cher.*
* *To the Forest of Gastine.*
* *Fontenay.*
* *Pray for me.*
* *Vire.*

1878. * The Emperor's Glove.
The Poet's Calendar: March.
The White Czar.
* Delia.
Bayard Taylor.
The Chamber over the Gate.
Moonlight.
* *Forsaken.*
* *Virgil's First Eclogue.*
* *Ovid in Exile.*

1879. The Cross of Snow.
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Jugurtha.
The Iron Pen.
Robert Burns.
Helen of Tyre.
The Sifting of Peter.

The Tide rises, the Tide falls.
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The Burial of the Poet.
Night.
The Children's Crusade.
Sundown.
Chimes.
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1880. Dedication to Ultima Thule.
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Old St. David's at Radnor.
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The Windmill.
L'Envoi to Ultima Thule.
The Poet's Calendar, January, February, April–December.
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1881. Michael Angelo: Viterbo.
Auf Wiedersehen.
Elegiac Verse.
The City and the Sea.
Memories.
Hermes Trismegistus.
President Garfield.
My Books.
* Song for the Masque of Pandora.

1882. * Becalmed.
Mad River.
Possibilities.
Decoration Day.
* A Fragment.
* Loss and Gain.
The Bells of San Blas.
* *Will ever the dear days come back again?*
* *At La Chaudeau.*
* *The Wine of Jurançon.*
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NOTES

Page 167. COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic mérit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

Page 212. The Children of the Lord's Supper.

There is one poem in this volume to which a few introductory remarks may be useful.[1] It is *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér, a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an Idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village, and belongs to the same class of poems as the *Luise* of Voss and the *Hermann und Dorothea* of Goethe. But the Swedish poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tône is pure and elevated, and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple. [From this point, Mr. Longfellow proceeded with a description of rural life in Sweden which may be found in his paper *Frithiof's Saga* in vol. I. of his prose works, Riverside Edition.]

Page 214. *The Feast of the Leafy Pavilions.*

In Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leafhuts'-high-tide.

Page 214. *Hörberg.*

The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

[1] It will be observed that the note here given originally stood as Introduction to the poem when it was first published.

Page 215. *Wallin.*

A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Page 235. *Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar.*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel a Vice Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thundershield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 287. The Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillè.

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland, — the representative of the heart of the people, — one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d' aouzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

[When first printing this note, Mr. Longfellow added a long description of Jasmin and his way of life from Louisa Stuart Costello's *Béarn and the Pyrenees*. In more recent days Miss H. W. Preston has written sympathetically on the same subject. See *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, February, 1876.]

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